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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

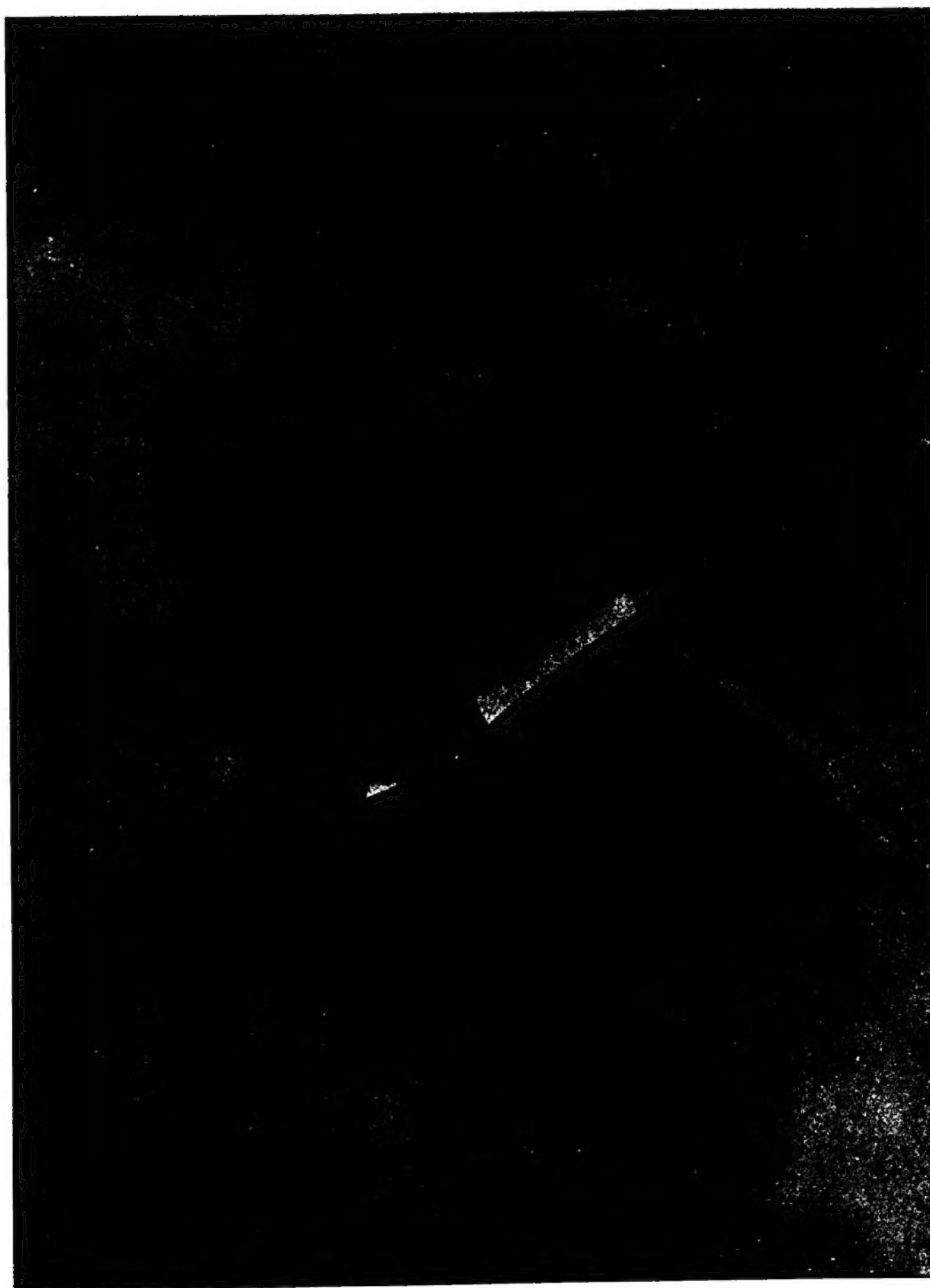
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. IV.—No. 82

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 25th JANUARY, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 8s. 6d.



JOHN LOWE, Esq.,
DEPUTY MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

(Topley, photo.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers.

GEORGE E. DESBAKATS, MANAGER,
73 St. James Street, Montreal.

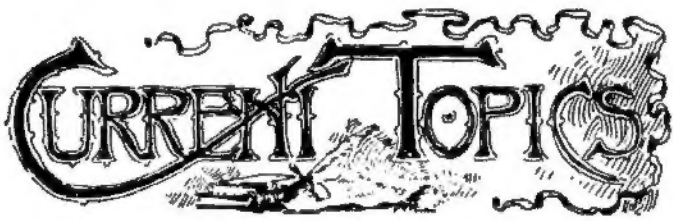
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JOHN HADDON & CO.,
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25th JANUARY, 1890.



"The English Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec," writes Mr. S. E. Dawson, in the *Week*, "ought to be very unhappy, if for no other reason, because so many estimable people in the sister provinces and in the United States seem to be distressed on their account. It is not pleasant to be the object of so much solicitude." And then, with characteristic ability and good sense, Mr. Dawson proceeds to show how unfounded this anxiety is, how inopportune is the agitation based upon it, and how illogical are some of the arguments by which it is supported. First of all he points out that, the doctrine of States' rights having come into vogue in the other provinces, it is not in accordance with their favourite theory that they should afford much help to the Protestants of Quebec, who, by their showing, are in such wretched plight. The strange thing is that the Protestants who have lived here all their lives realize none of the disadvantages which these sympathetic outsiders discern in their position. "An Englishman may dwell a life-time in peace in French Canada. Nobody will leave tracts at his door or give them to his children. He may be on excellent terms, and even exchange hospitalities, with the *Curé*, but if that reverend gentleman should feel any doubts about his host's future state, he will never be disagreeable enough to express them. In Montreal there is the most absolute freedom of discussion for Protestants." In proof of this last statement, Mr. Dawson quotes the remarks of a clergyman who took part in the Evangelical Alliance about a year ago.

There is one fact to which Mr. Dawson calls attention, the significance of which has never before, we believe, been pointed out. Writing of certain peculiar advantages enjoyed by the Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec, he reminds his readers that the Church of Rome simply accepted a policy which the Protestants, by their own action, made impossible of application to themselves. "No one dreamed of disestablishment then. The intention was to establish and endow, first the Church of England, and then the Church of Scotland as Protestant churches, and, in a less degree, the Roman Church for the French population. The first part of the plan was not possible upon this continent at that period. The Protestants united to frustrate it. They broke down the establishment and destroyed the endowments intended for themselves. Whether they were right or wrong is not in dispute. The fact is that they did it, while the French stood aside, seeing that the quarrel was none of theirs. But the Roman Catholics would not break up their own

quasi establishment, and, therefore, it remains to this day." What privileges it implies in no way affect the Protestant minority, who are fully protected by Imperial statutes and Canadian law. The apprehensions, based on the writings of extremists, are without foundation. The "Source du Mal" was condemned and suppressed by the Church authorities. Nor, till overt action be taken, need even utterances *ex-cathedra* excite alarm. "The Revised Statutes of Quebec are law here, not the Syllabus of errors." In a subsequent article Mr. Dawson will elucidate the parochial system in this province.

The favourable view that Dr. Lansdell's work, "Through Siberia," gave of the Russian prison system in that "great, lone land" was shown, by Mr. Kennan's revelations, to have far too little basis in fact. The contrast between the account of the English missionary and that of the American explorer was, indeed, so marked that inquirers might naturally be puzzled which of them to credit. That Dr. Lansdell was sincere in his defence of the Russians from the charges of inhumanity, which had for generations been made by all who claimed to know anything of Siberia and its hapless convicts will readily be admitted. But it is equally certain that Mr. Kennan arrived at his conclusions reluctantly and only after the most careful and thorough investigation. Dr. Lansdell, in his later work on "Russian Central Asia," replies at length to some of the criticisms to which certain of his statements have been subjected. He denies that he had been deceived by the prison authorities. Now comes a third, who having crossed Siberia in mid-winter, had opportunities of asking various persons in the country which of the two narratives was the more correct. He was indebted to Dr. Lansdell for many kindnesses, and was, therefore, naturally disposed to sympathize with him. If regard for truth had justified his doing so, he would have confirmed what Dr. Lansdell had written. But all the information that he could collect tended the other way. He acknowledges that Dr. Lansdell had disproved some current stories of Russian treatment of political prisoners, but he is forced to admit that Dr. Lansdell's pictures of Russian prison administration are, on the whole, far too rose-coloured and attribute to the functionaries a humanity which they are far from exercising. He could not help bearing testimony to the unsparing pains that Mr. Kennan had taken to arrive at the truth, and he pronounces that gentleman's description of the sufferings of the exiles entirely trustworthy. This impartial witness is Mr. Lionel F. Gowing, whose record of his mid-winter journey across Siberia has just been published.

It was quite natural that Mr. Prior, in seconding the address in reply to the speech from the Throne, should dwell at some length on the Behring Sea seizures. It is satisfactory to know that the Government of the Dominion has taken a firm stand on this question, and it is to be hoped that before the present season begins our sealers will be freed from the perplexity and peril that have proved such a drawback in their industry for some years back. Representations have been made to the Imperial authorities on the subject, which, it is hoped, have had due weight and we have assurance that the difficulties presented by the extraordinary claims of the United States will shortly be removed. Mr. Prior was happy in citing a high American authority on international law in proof of the invalidity of his own government's pretensions.

The entrance to Behring Sea is 139 miles wide and the western limit of it is Russian territory. During the period of Russia's occupation of Alaska, the Americans had resisted the claims of the Czar, and that they should now insist on a privilege which they declined to recognize when Behring Sea was far more a *mare clausum* than it is to-day is absurdly inconsistent. The controversy can only be decided in one way, but as Mr. Prior reminded his hearers, the sealers had had their patience sorely tried, and it was fully time the question was definitely settled.

The statement made some time ago in the *Canadian Gazette* that Drs. Sheldon and Edmunds had been invited by the Government of Mexico to visit that country with a view to ascertaining its suitability for British emigrants has elicited some pertinent reflections from the *Manitoba Free Press*. Our contemporary naturally thinks that if England has a superfluous population well adapted for life in the New World, it is to Canada, not to Mexico, it should be directed. The North-West needs settlers above all things. Before the end of the century it ought to have a million or two, and such an increase is not to be looked for unless an intelligent and vigorous immigration policy is prosecuted. It certainly seems surprising that men of eminence like Drs. Sheldon and Edmunds, who know so well what advantages our North-West offers to inhabitants of the British Isles, should lend themselves to a scheme that would divert emigration from Canada and rob the Empire of citizens. The *Free Press* hardly considers it a very loyal proceeding. Assuredly it is not patriotic. Besides, it is absurd that England the mother land of so many colonies, with millions of square miles of unoccupied land awaiting cultivation, should dream of seeking a home for her sons amid an alien community. We cannot believe that such a blunder is contemplated, but whether or not, those who are interested in the filling up of the North-West should bestir themselves in urging its claims to the best class of agricultural emigrants that Great Britain has to spare.

Writing of the British Columbia flour trade, the *Winnipeg Commercial* says that, although some time ago the Victoria Board of Trade protested against a further increase of the duty, which consumers of United States flour in the province would regard as a burden, "Victoria is now moving to secure the establishing of a roller flour mill in the city, and this may lead the people of that place at least to regard with less opposition the proposals to increase the duty on flour. Vancouver, too, has recently been putting forth some effort to secure a flour mill, and a paper published at that place recently intimated that in view of such possibilities for the future, the proposed increase in the flour duties might be considered as not altogether objectionable."

The attempt to abolish the French language in the Canada of the Union *régime* gave rise to such dissatisfaction that it was found necessary, in the cause of peace and good will between the two great sections of our population to rescind the disqualifying ordinance. Since the early years of Lord Elgin's administration, there was no movement towards the unsettling of the bi-lingual arrangement until last year. The Act of 1867 renewed the arrangement for the Dominion and Quebec. French was also permitted in the North-West. Mr. McCarthy would do away with it there. His bill is arousing much controversy.

THE TASK OF THE PEACEMAKER.

If we have not already referred to the Hon. Mr. Joly de Lotbinière's remarkable letter on the Jesuits Estates question, it is because we hesitated to take any share in a discussion which we have hitherto purposely avoided. The unhappy controversy which, passing the bounds of its original platform, raged last year through the entire Dominion, was to us, as to many of our compatriots, a source of sincere regret. We did not think we were likely to add to the edification of our readers by mingling our voice with the chorus of conflict. What was needed was not more noise, but an interval of silence that would give the contestants a chance of asking what it all really meant. There is nothing more easy than to excite a popular clamour. Even where a community is homogeneous in race and creed, design or chance may raise a storm of indignation against some policy, class or interest, which it may require able and patient statesmanship to calm. How much more liable to gusts of popular feeling are populations of a composite character like ours! Here in this fair land Providence has placed side by side the children of two great races—representatives of the three great elements to which the western half of Europe owes its civilization. The nations from which, in different proportions, we derive these elements, are among the greatest in the world. There is no reason why, being thus complex, being able to claim a part in the traditions and literatures of them both, and being a constituent portion of one of them, Canada should not have a destiny worthy of her twofold origin, why each section of our people should not recognize in the other its essential complement, a fruitful source of strength and grandeur and stability. Certain it is that only on the principle of complete oneness, of perfect and willing coöperation, can we expect to build up on this continent a power that will take rank in the van of civilized nations. A house divided against itself, we know on the best authority, cannot endure. Whatever tends, therefore, to create dissension, to set race against race and creed against creed, in this great French-English Dominion is to be condemned by the patriot, and whoever wilfully encourages division, on whatever plea, is guilty of treason to his country.

It must not, of course, be supposed that on great questions of policy it is possible to avoid divergence of view. All progress, all reform involves more or less of political conflict. There are, indeed, theorists who hold that we might do without parties altogether, but no practical substitute has as yet been devised. To give up our traditional party government for a system of random faction under which no ministry could have a year's lease of life would not be a happy exchange. That, in the due course of that constitutional development which has already given us the boon of "responsible government," a time will come when, as the poet sings of the early Roman Republic, none will be for a party, but all will be for the State, it is, at least, permitted to hope. Meanwhile, if it can be shown that, even under our actual dispensation, it is possible to escape the bitterness of those old-world feuds, racial and religious, the revival of which during the past year is a deplorable anachronism, we ought to accept the lesson with gratitude and lose no time in turning it to good account.

The Hon. Mr. Joly has a peculiarly happy vantage-ground from which to address words of counsel and warning to the people of both races

and communions in this province. Representing one of the oldest families of the once dominant nationality, he is at the same time a member of a Protestant church. He is, moreover, qualified by training and experience to speak *ex-cathedra* on the legal and political aspects of the question at issue. While the controversy was at its height, Mr. Joly abstained from meddling with it. Like many patriotic men, who saw that it had been given a direction which could only lead to mischief, he felt that, till the excitement had somewhat quieted down, it would be vain to advise calm deliberation. In the heat of conflict the peacemaker is liable to be misunderstood by both sides. Now, however, that there is a pause—a permanent pause, we trust—in this long warfare of charge and recrimination, Mr. Joly seizes the opportunity of saying a few temperate words to those of his own creed. While he connects the later agitation on the Jesuits Estates Act with the earlier Riel movement, he acquits the *Parti National* of having foreseen the larger and deeper significance which the latter has assumed. But he adds: "If they will put themselves for one moment in the place of the English Protestants of Canada, they will easily understand why it was taken by them as a serious provocation." Nevertheless, neither in the execution of Riel nor in the Jesuits' Estates Bill does Mr. Joly find justification for the appeals made by both sides to religious and national feeling. As to the adverse sentiment that leading Protestants have aroused against the act, Mr. Joly, though he shrinks from accusing them of wilful misinterpretation, or the desire to stir up religious antipathy, is forced to conclude that the result is as deplorable as if they had been blameworthy in both instances. As for the mass of the agitators, he doubts whether they have read the document. At any rate it is evident that it has not been carefully studied by those who use such terms as "endowment" and "confiscation" in dealing with the subject. The property of the Jesuits was not confiscated, he maintains, but escheated to the Crown through the failure of lawful heirs. The Order had committed no offence against the laws of England which would justify such a proceeding. As to the fear, to which some writers and speakers have given expression, lest the payment of the \$400,000 should be but an instalment of a larger sum, Mr. Joly points out that in the statute itself there is an explicit and absolute bar to any further claim. The introduction of the Pope's name in the preamble which gave so much offence to Protestants is by Mr. Joly deemed so essential for the final settlement of the question that, had he been a member of the Legislature at the time of its passage, he would have insisted on its insertion. If in any ordinary contract the sanction of the head of the firm or corporation that is a party to it is requisite to make it legally binding, surely it would have been strange to leave the Pope's name out of a settlement in which the Church was concerned. In fact, what to the lay mind might appear superfluous in the preamble, is, from a legal standpoint, "evidence of the minute precautions taken to secure a valid and final discharge and settlement for the Province of Quebec."

Such in brief is the view that Hon. Mr. Joly takes of this vexed question. We know that different judgments have been pronounced—even by Roman Catholics—of the wording of the bill. His object is not to revive controversy, but to suggest methods of conciliation, and with the spirit of his letter and the desire which animates

him we fully sympathize. "Every effort," as he says, "must be made to preserve the old feeling of mutual trust and forbearance, which has made us Canadians—English and French, Roman Catholics and Protestants—live happily side by side in peace." He feels that the task is not easy; that whoever undertakes it runs the risk of giving offence. We are sure, nevertheless, that there are many who will applaud the mission of the peacemaker. Mr. Joly is not alone in wishing to see the end of this reign of rancorous controversy. Months ago, our correspondent, "W," in his pamphlet already noticed in our columns, preached that conciliation and good will of which his long life has set the example. While both sections of our people have such representatives, we need not despair of the restoration of harmony.

STANDARDS OF MEASURE.

Again and again it is suggested that illogical, practical England should change her system of weights and measures for the metric system now so largely in use on the continent of Europe. Two main advantages are urged in its favour. It is, we are told, a scientific system, being based on the distance from the pole to the Equator, through the meridian of Paris. Of that quadrant the metre is supposed to be the ten-millionth part. Its advocates claim, therefore, that it is a natural standard, whereas the older systems, having no foundation in geometry, are unscientific. It is also considered a recommendation of the metric system that it is decimal. Republicans ought, moreover, to be well disposed to it, as it is one of the reforms introduced by the French Revolution. The report to the French National Assembly, proposing the new system, was presented on the 17th of March, 1791; the meridian measurements were finished and adopted on the 22nd of June, 1799. After the toleration of a compromise from May 28, 1812, until the end of the year 1839, the metre and its derivatives became the law and usage of France on January 1, 1840, and since then the system has spread over all Europe except Russia and England, and over the most of Latin America, while it is permitted as an alternative in Great Britain and other countries. The expectation largely prevails that it will ultimately be the only system in use. Nevertheless, some communities—backed by men of science and business—obstinately resist the encroachment. In Great Britain a battle has been fought between the metre and the yard for several years and the latter still holds the fortress. The Hon. E. Noel, of the Rifle Brigade, brother of the Earl of Gainsborough, has just published a treatise on "metrology," which is a vigorous defence of the English system, modified on the basis, not of a quadrant, but of a radius or semi-axis of the earth. One result of the change would be to make the acre and the arpent virtually correspond. It would also have some advantages, even from a scientific standpoint over the metric plan, while in convenience—as retaining traditional terms—it would surpass it. Mr. Arthur S. C. Wurtele, C.E., in an able treatise, published in 1882, on "Standard Measures of the United States, Great Britain and France," shows very clearly that, in point of scientific accuracy the yard, metre and toise are on the same level, while, as to nomenclature, the English system has a decided advantage. He earnestly deprecates any change in Great Britain, her colonies and dependencies and in the United States. The question is of very real interest to the industrial, commercial and professional classes.



REV. PRINCIPAL ADAMS.

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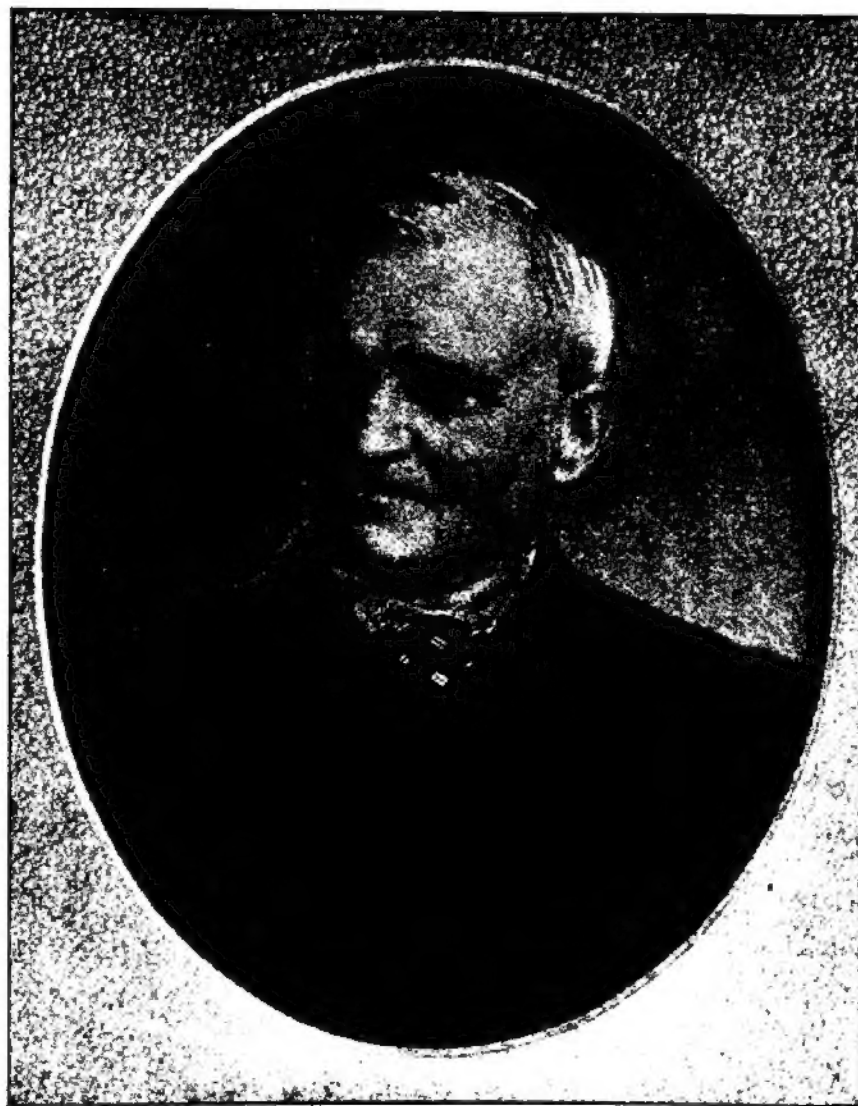
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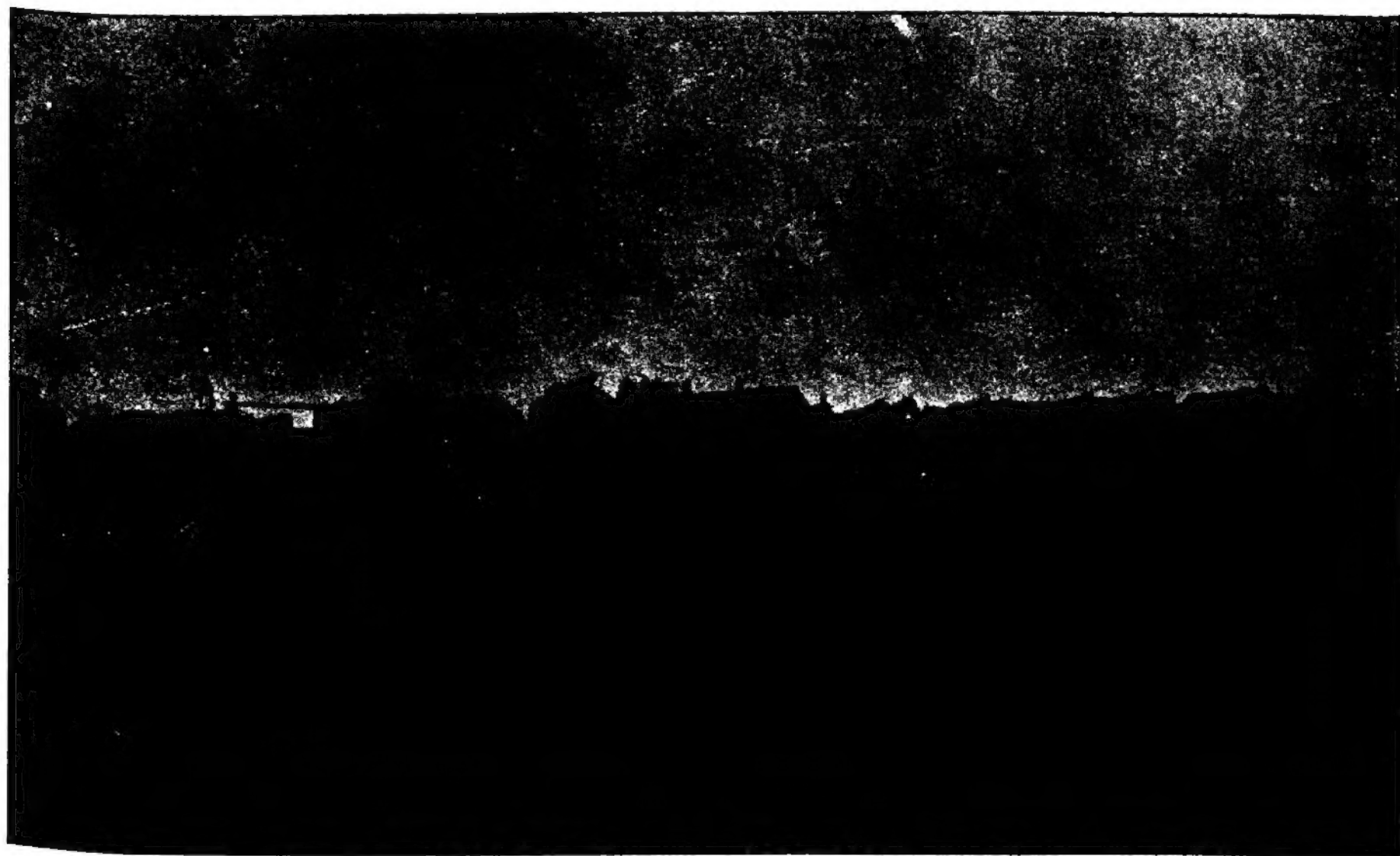
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T. STERRY HUNT, LL.D., F.R.S.



FRANCIS PARKMAN, LL.D., HISTORIAN.



NORTH-WEST STRING TEAM, NEAR FORT McLEOD.



MR. JOHN LOWE, DEPUTY MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.—Mr. John Lowe, the Deputy Minister of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, was born at Warrington, in Lancashire, England. He was reporter and assistant editor of the *Montreal Gazette* from 1848 to 1851, and editor of the *British Colonist*, Toronto, from 1851 to 1853, he having started the *Daily Colonist* when the late Hugh Scobie was proprietor, this being the first daily paper published in Toronto. He was joint editor and proprietor of the *Montreal Gazette* from 1853 to 1870. He entered the public service as Census Staff Officer in July, 1870. He was appointed Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, in February, 1871, and Deputy Minister of Agriculture in June, 1888. He is the author of several statistical and other publications, among which are Reports on the exaggerated figures of the alleged exodus to the United States at the point of Port Huron, which led to the discontinuance of the system by the United States Government. He was one of the founders and editors of the "Year Book of Canada," a statistical publication, and the precursor of publications of this class in Canada, and also in Australia, the method being of accompanying tabular statements with verbal explanations, showing at a glance the chief features. Mr. Lowe, during his connection with the *Montreal Gazette*, was among the first of the journalists in Canada to advocate the confederation of the provinces, on substantially the same principles as those which were subsequently accepted in 1867 by a coalition of parties; but we believe the absolutely first advocacy of this great political change is to be found in a brochure of Dr. Taché, published in the French language, a work which foreshadowed very nearly the Constitution which was adopted at the Convention at Quebec. Mr. Lowe was the first among the Canadian journalists to commence an editorial agitation for acquiring the Hudson Bay Territories, which now form our Canadian North-West. His arguments in favour of the advisability of that step were founded on reports contained in the published works of Hudson Bay officers, descriptive of the topography and the productions of those vast areas of the continent. This agitation was taken up by Ontario journalists. It led to the Draper mission to England, and, later, to the purchase of the territory by Canada from the Hudson Bay Co. in 1868. Mr. Lowe is the author of numerous immigration pamphlets published by the Government. Those which he wrote between 1873 and 1876 contained the first advocacy of colonization in Manitoba and the Canadian North-West, of which very large numbers were published and circulated both in the old provinces of Canada and in the United Kingdom. The whole of these pamphlets were condensed and consolidated in 1884 in the "Guide Book for the Information of Intending Settlers," a work which contains a careful summary of all the chief points of information in relation to immigration to Canada, and which has since continued to be the chief source of inspiration of all the pamphlets on Canadian immigration which have appeared in recent years.

T. STERRY HUNT, LL.D., F.R.S.—Thomas Sterry Hunt was born at Norwich, Conn., September 5th, 1826, of an old New England family. His parents destined him for the medical profession, but a strong inclination toward the study of chemistry, mineralogy and geology, prevented his becoming a physician. In 1845 he became a special student of the late Professor Benjamin Silliman at Yale College, and afterward his assistant. On the recommendation of Professor Silliman Mr. Hunt, in 1847, was appointed chemist and mineralogist to the Geological Survey of Canada, then recently organized. His connection with the Survey continued for more than a quarter of a century, until 1872, when, much against the wish of the Government, he resigned. His work during the long term of his service was not confined to the branches of chemistry and mineralogy alone, but embraced a large amount of field geology. During the latter years of his connection with the Survey, its administrative details were under his charge. The most important problems presented by the geology of Canada are those of its crystalline rocks. To their study Dr. Hunt addressed himself from the beginning, giving the first clear notions ever presented of our earlier rocks. Two terms in their nomenclature, *Laurentian* and *Huronian*, are of his bestowal. While studying the problems of the origin and succession of the older rocks, Dr. Hunt gave constant attention to the practical and economic departments of the Survey. He was the first to make known the deposits of phosphate of lime in Canada, and drew attention to its value as a fertilizer. He examined the petroleum of Canada and their distribution. Later he studied the salt deposits of Ontario, analyzing the brines, determining their geological origin, and pointing out the best methods of manufacturing the product. He early made extensive analyses of soil with reference to agriculture. His studies of the mineral waters of the Dominion were exhaustive, and enabled him to explain the origin of saline mineral waters. During his connection with the Survey he took part in the great exhibitions of 1855 and 1876, at both of which he was a judge. He was also one of the judges at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, 1876. Dr. Hunt has done much work in teaching. During the years

1856-62 he was professor of chemistry at Laval University, Quebec. He still retains his honorary professorship in that institution. At McGill University he was also a lecturer for some years. From 1872 to 1878 he filled the chair of geology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston. His scientific attainments and work have been widely recognized throughout the world. As early as 1859 he was created a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. In 1881 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Cambridge in England. He was one of the founders of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and its president in 1870, at its Troy meeting. He took an active part in inducing the Association to meet in Montreal in 1882, and did much to make that gathering one of the most numerous and successful in the annals of the Association. In 1880 and 1888 he was president of the American Chemical Society; and in 1877 was president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. In 1882 he aided in the organization of the Royal Society of Canada, and two years afterward became its president. In 1876 he assisted in forming the International Geological Congress, was appointed its first secretary, and was its vice-president in 1878, 1881 and 1888. He is a member of the committee arranging for its assembly in Philadelphia in 1891. Dr. Hunt's contributions to scientific literature are numerous. His published articles, essays and memoirs, many of them of high value, exceed two hundred in number. Selections from these, entitled "Chemical and Geological Essays," appeared in a volume published in 1874, followed in 1886 by his "Mineral Physiology and Physiography." A paper of remarkable interest on the relations of chemistry and medicine was contributed by him to the *Popular Science Monthly*. It has been widely copied and quoted. His profound work, "A New Basis for Chemistry," appeared in 1884. An enlarged edition was published in 1888, and this has been translated into French and is published in Paris. He is now writing the last chapters of a work to be published in 1890, to be entitled "A Systematic Mineralogy," to be followed by "A Descriptive Mineralogy." While Dr. Hunt has a philosophical grasp of natural science, he has rare faculty in making its problems clear to popular audiences. He is a very successful lecturer, and until the state of his health forbade the exertion, his services on the platform were in constant requisition. In questions connected with the practical aspects of science, he has long enjoyed a large consulting practice. In the mining and working of coal, iron, copper and other metals and minerals, his advice has been sought by many of the foremost operators of America. A chemical green ink, which he invented in 1859, gave the name of greenbacks to American national currency. A process devised by him, conjointly with Mr. James Douglas, formerly of Quebec, now of New York, for extracting copper from certain of its ores, is now being largely adopted in Western mines. While Dr. Hunt's contributions to the special sciences show his mind to be both many-sided and profound, it is in the philosophy of science that he deems his chief work to have been done. Forty years of study and thought have matured in his mind views regarding the foundations of both physics and chemistry, which find expression in his "New Basis for Chemistry," and in the volume now approaching completion. Dr. Hunt is not only a *savant*, but an excellent linguist, a man of large acquaintance with literature and art, and an accomplished man of the world. During the latter part of 1888 and the first six months of 1889 Dr. Hunt was seriously ill. He is now restored to very fair health, and in his apartment at the Park Avenue Hotel, New York, is able to work five or six hours daily. The portrait we present our readers was taken by Mayall in London in September, 1888. G. I.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, ESQ., LL.D.—Mr. Francis Parkman was born in Boston, September 16, 1823. His home in childhood was near the forest of the Middlesex Fells, Massachusetts, a circumstance which gave direction to his tastes as a youth and determined his career as an author. His rambles and sports in the forest kindled in him a keen interest in the woods and the Indians. At Harvard, when he came to choosing a theme for his pen, he took the French and Indian or Seven Years' War,—at the time little conscious of the labour its treatment would involve. Whilst busy gathering the vast store of material necessary for his history of the war, he was afflicted with a serious visual malady, soon to receive unfortunate aggravation. It has always been Mr. Parkman's method to visit the localities he is to describe, see when possible the descendants of the men whose story he is to tell, and collect all needful documents carefully and thoroughly. In accordance with this plan at the outset of his career he journeyed to the Far West, studying the Sioux and other Indian tribes on the war-path and in the hunting-field. Many phases of the aboriginal life he then witnessed have since been forever banished by the locomotive and the immigrant. At one time his lonely tent was pitched on the site of what is now the populous capital of Colorado. During his journey his eyes troubled him much; unable in the wilderness to obtain the medical treatment he needed, Mr. Parkman returned home threatened with blindness. His courage, however, remained unshaken, and, with the aid of readers and an amanuensis, he wrote "The Oregon Trail" in 1847, and "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" in 1851. In 1854 he acquired an estate on the shore of Jamaica Pond, a few miles from Boston. Here, during the long interruptions of literary labor, due to ill-health, he has found relief and solace in horticulture. His greenhouse, among other rare flowers, displays his own creation in the superb *lilium Parkmanni*. His Boston home, 50 Chestnut street, con-

tains his library, and there all his literary work has been accomplished. On finishing "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," he extended his first plan of writing the "Seven Years' War," and decided to take up the entire subject of French colonization in North America. Instead of presenting it as a continuous panorama, he determined to paint a series of connected tableaux. In the United States, Canada and Europe he patiently sought and sifted his materials, despite his dependence on the eyesight of others. Fourteen years were consumed in the preparation of the first volume of his series, "The Pioneers of France in the New World," which appeared in 1865. "The Jesuits in North America" was published in 1867, "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," in 1869, "The Old Régime in Canada," in 1874, "Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV," in 1877, "Montcalm and Wolfe" in 1884. One volume still remains to be written,—its period, that between Frontenac and Montcalm, is not one of particular importance, and has, therefore, been left for the last. Mr. Parkman's themes have been inspiring, and his treatment of them places him among the great historians of the world. First and chiefly he is accurate; and when testimony is in conflict he presents both sides impartially. His works embody the well digested essence of immense numbers of letters, despatches and dusty folios. A part of his collection, thirty-five bulky volumes, has been presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society. Many fac-simile maps from his library have been given to Harvard College. Some of his critics do not sympathize with his standpoint, some others dissent from his opinions, but nobody has disturbed his facts. His materials gathered without stint of pains or cost, Mr. Parkman has woven them into narratives as glowing as romances. His scenes are often vivid enough to be transcripts of observation instead of pictures slowly limned by historic study. His love of nature, his practical sagacity, his sound common sense, are stamped upon every chapter he has written. Forces, always active in the national life of Canada, have within recent years risen to an intensity unknown since the great conflict Mr. Parkman portrays. Underlying that conflict was a fundamental difference of idea. Gaul and Anglo-Saxon view many important things from opposite standpoints. Those who owe allegiance to Rome, and those who follow the leadership of Luther, inherit incompatibilities of conviction which time does little to abate. In the pages of Parkman the essential antagonism of two great civilizations forms the grand outline of his canvas. It has been all the more firmly drawn because the artist is not a Canadian, is neither a Frenchman nor an Englishman. G. I.

UNIVERSITY AND SCHOOL OF BISHOPS' COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.—This college was constituted a body corporate in 1843, under the presidency of the Bishop of Quebec, provision being made that in case of the division of the diocese, which was then conterminous with the Province, all the Bishops of the Province of Quebec should be members of the body corporate. In 1870 the governing body was brought into more immediate connection with the Anglican Synods of the Dioceses of Quebec and Montreal. The Bishops of Quebec and Montreal nominate an equal number of the governing body—six each; while the Synods elect ten each. The university received its Royal Charter in 1853, enabling it to confer degrees in arts, Divinity, law, medicine and music. The Faculty of Medicine is placed in Montreal, Dean, F. W. Campbell, Esq., M.D.; that of Law in Sherbrooke, Dean R. N. Halley, M.P., LL.D.. The examiner in the Faculty of Music is G. F. Ganett, Mus. Doc. of Cambridge University. The dean of the Faculty of Divinity is the Ven. Archdeacon Roe, D.D. The Principal of the College, who is also Dean of the Faculty of Arts, is the Rev. Thomas Adams, M.A. (Cambridge), D.C.L. (Lennoxville), who succeeded the late lamented Dr. Lobley in 1885. The College staff at Lennoxville consists of nine professors and lecturers. The idea of the college is rather that of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge than that of the German or Scotch Universities. The students are, in the main, residents. In the present session thirty-four students have attended the college. The college is open to all, many candidates for Holy Orders pass through its curriculum. The college aims at giving a general liberal education. The school is founded on the model of the English public schools; and competent judges have affirmed that the spirit of those institutions has been successfully imparted to Bishops' College School. This tone was greatly due to one of the early rectors, who is now the much respected Bishop of Quebec. The principal of the college is now also rector of the school. There are eight masters. The number of boys in the school in the present term is ninety-nine, of whom eighty-one are boarders. The institution is growing in public confidence and support; this is indicated by the growth in numbers from 83 in 1885, to close upon 130 in 1889, and by a considerable increase in endowment during the last ten years.

R. W. HENEKER, ESQ., D.C.L., OF SHERBROOKE, CHANCELLOR OF BISHOPS' COLLEGE.—Dr. Heneker's services to the cause of general education on the Protestant Committee of Public Instruction are well known. Dr. Heneker is President of the Eastern Townships Bank and of other local undertakings. He was elected Chancellor in 1878, in succession to the Hon. E. Hale, Judge McCord, Hon. Judge Irvine and others. His devotion to the interests of Bishops' College is unremitting and has proved very successful.

THE REV. THOMAS ADAMS, M.A., D.C.L., is third Principal of Bishops' College, and the eleventh rector of the school. Born at Paramatta, N.S.W., while his father

was a missionary in Australia, he proceeded to England for education in 1857, was at school at Taunton, then was educated at University College, London, and St. John's College, Cambridge, was assistant master of the Lancaster Grammar School, the senior mathematical master at the Royal School of St. Peter, York, 1874-1883, and in 1883-1885 first head master of the Gates-head High School for Boys, Durham. Dr. Adams was ordained Deacon in 1874, and Priest in 1875. In 1881 he was local secretary of the jubilee meeting of the British Association in York; and in 1884 visited Canada as a member of the association. He was appointed to the position he now holds in 1885.

NORTH-WEST STRING-TEAM.—Our engraving affords an illustration of the many-sided industrial life of the North-West. Whether the string-team is an institution peculiar to our side of the border, like the almost obsolete Red River cart, we cannot pretend to be certain. But that it is in vogue we have authority for averring. The local habitation of it in this instance is Lethbridge, with which our readers have already made acquaintance as a thriving coal-mining centre. The Lethbridge mines are as familiar as household words, not only in the Territories of the Dominion, but in Montana and elsewhere beyond it. The coal area in Alberta is said to be not less than forty thousand square miles—a range implying a store of fuel which it will require many generations to exhaust. Indeed, attention has been so almost exclusively directed to the agricultural and pastoral facilities of the North-West that its underground wealth has attracted comparatively little notice. The Galt coal field is, however, an exception to this general lack of appreciation. For a number of years the Lethbridge mines have been profitably worked and the output is constantly increasing. The coal is excellent and is prized in the United States no less highly than in Canada.

THE CITY HALL, MONTREAL.—The improvements that have of late been prosecuted so vigorously in this city give promise that it will ere long be worthy of its position as the great entrepot of British North America. Nature designed Montreal for a great centre of population, industry and trade. In a couple of years it will be celebrating the 250th anniversary of its foundation. By that time, if the work on which our civic authorities have set their hearts be pushed forward with a diligence worthy of the object in view, there will be few handsomer cities on the continent. It is only fitting that the building in which assemble the legislators of Canada's commercial metropolis should be in keeping with its history and destinies. Our City Hall is generally admired by visitors, and we certainly have some reason to be proud of it. The business transacted within its walls is as important as that of some provinces, whether we have regard to the population whose interests are therein looked after or the multiplicity of organization provided for. In this building are all the municipal offices—including the water works and fire-alarm departments. It also serves as a civic court house—the Recorder, who takes rank after the mayor, discharging his delicate functions in the basement, where the centre police office is also located. It is a fine structure, solid and yet not without architectural graces. It is modeled on the *hôtels de ville* of the larger French cities, of which the central pavilion and lofty mansard roofs are distinctive features. The various apartments are spacious and ornate, and the Council-Room and Mayor's offices are both handsome and comfortable. It covers historic ground, part of the old Governor's Garden, opposite the famous Chateau de Ramsay.

BRITANNY SHEEP, BY ROSA BONHEUR.—This is one of the most characteristic works of the great animal painter, a sketch of whose career has already appeared in our columns. Sheep were among the earliest subjects of her brush that won commendation from connoisseurs, and in this picture her hand has clearly not lost its cunning. Some of her best efforts are taken from the brute life of rural France. We see here the signs of her accustomed vigour, her bold, firm touch, looking to general effect rather than punctilious elaboration of detail.

BLACKFOOT CHIEF AND PONY.—This engraving is a characteristic illustration of a tribe that has long attracted the attention of ethnologists. There is little doubt that it is a branch of the great Algonquin family, of whose westward expansion the Blackfeet are probably the limit. Their home was formerly around the forks of the Saskatchewan. According to a legend preserved by the nation, a quarrel arose on the death of the head chief in battle with the Assiniboines, and the consequence was a separation into two sections. The older warriors followed the black banner of the hereditary claimant of the chieftancy, while the younger braves ranged themselves under a leader of their own choice—a man of prowess and ability—whose standard was a red flag. The black-flags were defeated and moved southward, and as the season of their migration was in the fall, when the prairies had been burned over, as they advanced through the calcined waste, their moccasins became discoloured. The Crows, therefore, gave them the nickname of Satsika, of which their English designation is an equivalent. The victorious bands called themselves bloods, perhaps from the colour of their flag. Other divisions and federations subsequently took place, into the details of which it is not necessary to enter. They have the reputation of being valiant warriors. There are about 5,250 in charge of our Canadian agency—Treaty No. 7, some of whom have made fair progress in the ways of civilization, but the most of them are still pagans.

SILLERY MISSION AND BEAUVOIR.—No resident of Quebec, no visitor to that ancient fortress, no student of Mr. Le Moine's delightful and instructive volumes can be ignorant of Sillery and the historic associations and natural

charms that make it a centre of attraction. The name itself is musical and suggestive of something beyond the commonplace. In 1632 the Commandeur de Sillery sold to Cardinal Richelieu his sumptuous and princely *hôtel* in Paris, which bore the family name, entered Holy Orders in 1634 and then devoted all the energy of his mind and his immense wealth to the propagation of the faith amongst the Aborigines of Canada. He inaugurated his benevolent purpose by placing 12 000 livres in the hands of the Jesuit Father Lalemant, and to this gift is due the foundation of the mission which, through just gratitude to the munificent donor, was called Sillery. The date of its foundation, as established by the Latin record of Father Dequen, quoted by Mr. Le Moine, is July, 1637, and the building was finished in the following April. A hospital was subsequently founded in the locality. The manor-house, built by M. Pierre Puiseux, stood, according to Abbé Ferland, in St. Michael's Cove, on the spot where the St. Michael's Hotel was afterwards built. It was once regarded as the architectural *bijou* of Canada. The D'Auteuil family had their seat on the hill at the back of Pointe à Puiseux. The remains of the mission buildings, some of which were in recent times, turned to very different uses, have all been identified. For full particulars we cannot do better than refer our English readers to the works of Mr. Le Moine, especially *Picturesque Quebec*. The works of Abbés Faillon and Ferland, the *Relations des Jésuites*, etc., may also be consulted. Sillery is "Our Parish" of the *Maple Leaves*. Our readers will recall the poem of Dr. J. M. Harper on the same subject which appeared in this journal some months ago. Beauvoir is one of those charming villas which make the environs of Quebec, and especially the parish of Sillery so delightful both to strangers and residents. It is situated on the left bank of the St. Lawrence, on the heights of Sillery, overlooking the river. The site was selected more than half a century ago by the late Hon. A. N. Cochrane, who, after retaining the property for some nineteen years, sold it to the Hon. John Stewart. The residence which the latter gentleman built on it, and which was for years the home of the late H. Lemesurier, Esq., was destroyed by fire in 1866. Subsequently it was rebuilt, and when the property came into the hands of the present owner, R. R. Dubell, Esq., it underwent considerable enlargement and improvement. The grounds, which are beautifully wooded, comprise the ancient church of the Jesuit mission, as well as the old mansion-house. Altogether Beauvoir is a lovely spot, but for a worthy description of it we again refer our readers to *Picturesque Quebec*, to the author of which we are indebted for this information.

TEACHING OLD GREEK TO MODERN GREEKS.

The most interesting part of our conversation with the head master of the Chalki school was on the subject of the classes and the course of education pursued. It was amusing to investigate how a Greek teaches Greek, and how a Greek boy learns the first elements of that commerce in which he will doubtless become so expert in after life. There are eight separate classes at Chalki, of which the most elementary, for boys of eight, teaches only modern Greek, prose and poetry, besides the elements of mathematics, French, geography, and the fine arts. The second class introduces some simple phrases in ancient Greek for parsing, commences natural science, and teaches Roman and Byzantine history. The third class aspires to Xenophon and the fourth brings into the course of studies elementary Latin phrases and Greek history. On reaching the fifth class the pupil is introduced to Plato, and commences his commercial education with bookkeeping, and also adds Turkish to the list of his studies. The sixth class learns Demosthenes, Thucydides, Herodotus, and Homer, also logarithms and shorthand. The seventh class composes Greek verses in the ancient tongue and adds to the other abstruse subjects physical science, dynamics, and modern history with special reference to the Eastern question. I was beginning to wonder what could possibly be left for the top class to learn, when the head master abruptly concluded by stating that his finished scholars aimed at perfection in the foregoing subjects, and only added to the list logic and political economy. I expressed surprise at the little attention given to modern languages except French and Turkish in a course which professes to be commercial, but the master told me that the young Greeks of Constantinople are born polyglots. English and German may be learned as extras, but French was the only language they cared to teach classically and accurately.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

A woman sat in a German theatre not long ago wearing a tremendously high hat, which obstructed the view of the stage of all who happened to be directly behind her. One of her victims, a man who sat near her, asked her politely if she would not remove the objectionable hat. She paid no attention to his request. After he had repeated it two or three times, he said quietly: "If you do not take off your bonnet, I shall have to make it disagreeable for you." She did not deign to notice the threat. Finding that she was quite immovable, the man took his silk hat, which he had been holding in his hand, and put it on his head. Immediately loud cries of "Take off your hat! Take off your hat!" were heard from the people behind him, and the haughty lady who wore the high bonnet, thinking that the cries were intended for her, removed her headgear with considerable celerity and trepidation. Smiling at the success of his scheme, the man took off his own hat and quiet was restored.



The next exhibition of the English Society of Painter-Etchers will be opened on Saturday, March 1. The election of Associates will take place on Thursday, February 6.

The Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt has collected over £400 in furtherance of its scheme for repairing and protecting the memorials of ancient Egyptian art and history.

Mr. Warwick Wroth has reprinted from the *Numismatic Chronicle* his paper on "Greek Coins acquired by the British Museum in 1888," in continuation of a similar paper for the previous year. During the twelve months ending December 1888, the number of Greek coins added to the national collection was 455, of which ten are gold or electrum, 217 silver, and 288 bronze.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, of London, recently sold the following coins: Cromwell, Tanner's Pattern Crown, after Simon, 1658, with inscribed edge, £16 10s. Charles II. Five-Guinea piece, 1668, £10 15s. Cromwell, Crown, similar to Simon's, but the N in ANG turned upside down, £9 10s. George III. Pattern Crown, by Wyon, 1817, rev. three female figures representing the three countries, £16 5s. Proof silver set of George II., Crown, Half-Crown, Shilling, and Sixpence, with the old head on the obverse, £11.

The Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum has recently made several acquisitions of importance. Among them is a fine seal of banded agate in the form of a scarab set in gold, with a silver hoop fitting it for a ring. It is a very choice specimen, and was found in Cyprus. Its date is c. 520 B.C. It represents, nearly in profile and at full length, with the characteristic disproportion of the period to which it belongs, Athené, clad in semi-transparent robes, both wings of an extremely early type being extended behind the figure. The goddess, who holds a spear, wears a helmet with a prodigious crest. Apart from its technical merits, the extreme historical interest of this relic will be manifest to students of Euripides who remember that the turning-point of the plot of the "Ion" is concerned with the blood of the slain Gorgon. Over the shoulder of the goddess the head of Medusa is seen dropping blood, clots of which fall from it behind the figure and close to her feet. This is supposed to be the only known representation of the subject.

According to the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Post*, Mr. Burne-Jones is nearly approaching the completion of the greatest work of his life. It is a commission he undertook many years ago for Mr. Agnew, and upon which he has bestowed an infinitude of loving care. The subject is found in the old legend of the Briary Rose, which Tennyson put into verse nearly sixty years ago. The story is told in the dainty verse of "The Day Dream," with its pictures of the sleeping palace, the sleeping beauty, the arrival of the fairy prince with "joyful eyes, and lighter footed than the fox;" how he broke the charm that lapped his love in sleep, and how—

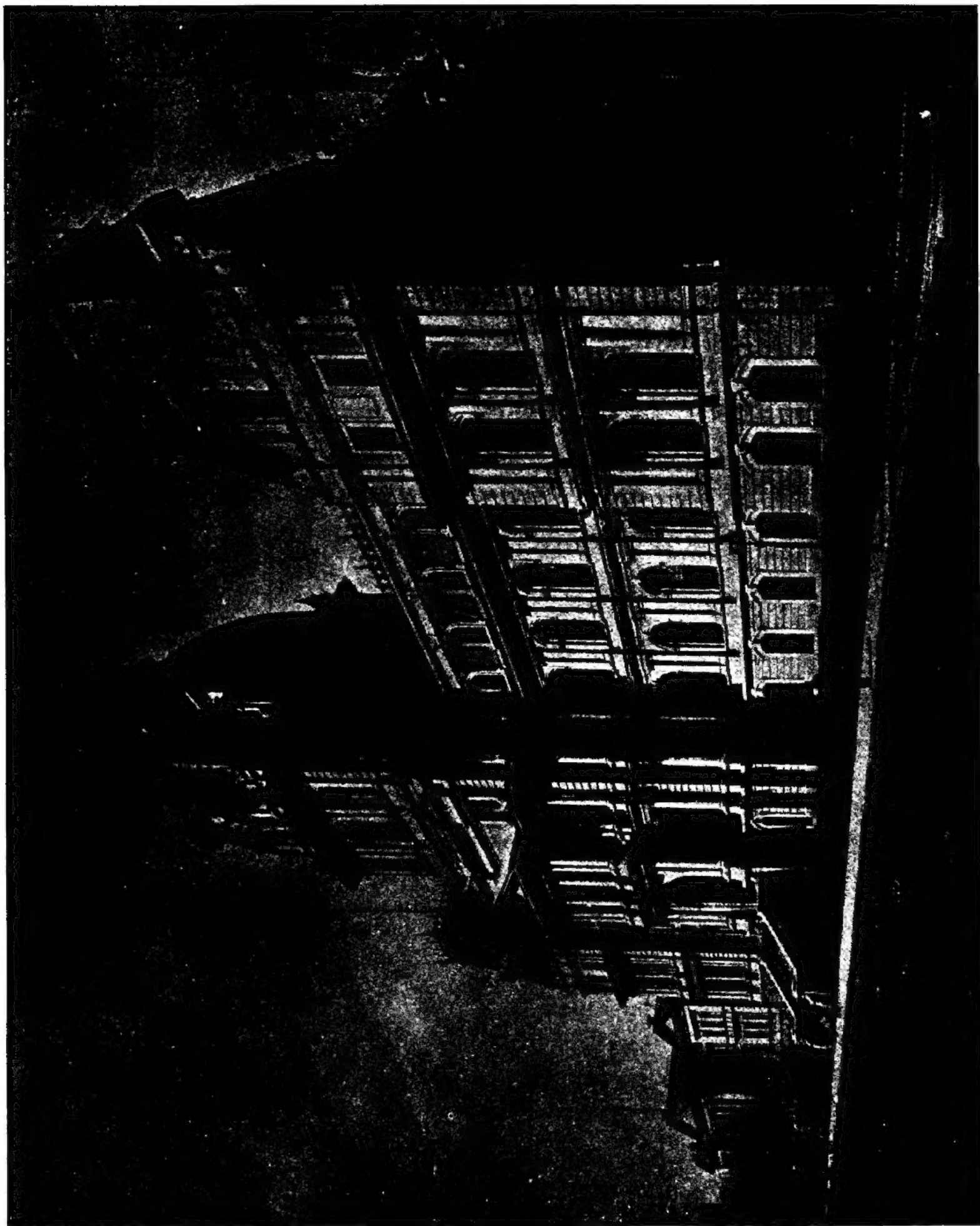
"Over the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy Princess followed him."

Mr. Burne-Jones tells the story in his own way in four pictures of colossal proportion and infinite beauty. The work is so far forward that there is hope of its being exhibited in Bond Street this year.

ANNIE LAURIE'S LAST WILL.

The last will and testament of the heroine of the song "Maxwellton Braes are Bonnie" is being exhibited in an antiquarian collection at Dumfries. The following is a copy of the document, which has never previously been exposed in public:—"I, Anna Laurie, spouse to Alexr. Fergusson of Craigdarroch, Forasmuch as I considering it a dewtie upon everie person while they are in health and sound judgement so to settle yr. worldly affairs that yrby all animosities betwixt friend and relatives may obviat, and also the singular love and respect I have for the said Alex. Fergusson, in cause he survive me I do heirby make my letter will as follows: First, I recommond my soule to God, hoping by the meritorious righteousness of Jesus Christ to be saved; secondly, I recommond my body to be decently and orderly interred; and in the third plaice nominate and appoynt the sd. Alexr. Fergusson to be my sole and only executor, Legator, and universall intrometor with my hail goods, gear, debts, and soums off money that shall pertain and belong to me the tyme off my decease or shall be dew to me by bill, bond, or oyrway; with power to him to obtain himself confirmed and decreed ext. to me and to do everie thing for fixing and establishing the right off my spouse in his person requires; in witness whereoff thir pntts. ([written?] be Johne Wilsone of Chapell, wryter in Dumfries) are subd. by me at Craigdarroch the twenty-eighth day of Apryle, Jajvij and eleven [1714] years, befor the witnesses the sd. John Wilsone and John Nicholsons his servator.

ANN LAURIE.
JO. WILSONE, witness.
JOHN HOAT, witness.



CITY HALL, MONTREAL.

(Win. Notman & Son, photo.)



BRITTANY SHEEP.
(From the painting by Rosa Bonheur.)

Pink Porcelaine.

"At first I felt in uttermost despair."
 "And said, 'Oh, Lord, this cross I cannot bear!'"
 "But I have borne it, and I bear it now."
 "Only, oh my, do not ask me how." *After Heine*

She was a slight little creature, whose, whose brown eyes held in their pitiful depth a guileless appeal, her delicately cut chin was cleft by a soft dimple, the sweet, serious mouth expressed only simple tenderness. Despite her sixteen years, she possessed a quaint old-fashioned grace and simplicity that attracted interest. When Mollie haunted the wards of the city hospital, where her sister Margaret was enduring the long slow agony of dying, every one treated her as a child. The kind old doctor petted her on the cheek; she was universally termed "my dear"; many offered effusive sympathy.

Miss Maitland was a stern woman who, under no circumstances, could have become soft and genial while Mollie was dull with the apathy of complete misery. For Margaret had been everything to the younger sister, and Mollie was absolutely ignorant of any existence not bounded by Margaret's affection, unshielded by Margaret's protection. As the two sat together, hand tightly locked in hand, neither dared clothe in words the thoughts that lay nearest her heart. Mollie's eager girlish voice would falter notwithstanding her brave efforts to steady it, while she talked of the good days that were coming when her sister would have regained her health, but she never ventured to allude to the peaceful past in their quiet English home, or to the haunting, insatiate dread that swelled her heart to bursting. Margaret, a woman heroically wrestling with death, was past much speaking. The remorseless agony that consumed her body was as nothing to the anguish of anxious love and misery that tortured her spirit. If this child could have died with her, death would have been robbed of its sting. In all the world she had no friend to whose care she could confide the cherished darling; her lamb would be left straying in the wilderness—a wilderness teeming with perils and entanglements. In the utter impotence of her despair she could have shrieked aloud, but instead, she forced her gray lips into a joyless, ghastly smile that frightened Mollie more than groans wrung from any dark depth of pain could have done. The sisters were passing through a terrible experience, which each accepted in a characteristic fashion—the elder with dogged, hopeless endurance; the younger with a desperate and utterly futile struggle against Destiny.

No one ever had the courage to tell Mollie that death was certain of victory in that quiet hospital ward, and when the end came the whole world collapsed beneath the girl's feet, precipitating her into a chaos of confusion and thick darkness. She made no outcry, and even exhibited a certain steadfast courage in carrying out her sister's intentions. Shrinking from sympathy with absolute repugnance, she gave up the lodgings in which the two sisters had once dwelt together and moved into a distant suburb where everything was strange.

She settled in a tiny house so infinitesimal that its unlimited capacity for storing away persons and things ever remained an unsolved mystery. It was a populous suburb, strongly resembling the narrow, irregular quarter of some quaint continental city. The very construction of the thoroughfare gave evidence of the varying nationalities by whom Montreal is peopled. As the street opened from the lofty spaciousness of Notre Dame street, a block of massive warehouses with high stone steps and plate-glass windows, represented British capital and enterprise; further on, as it narrowed, a convent wall presented to the eye a blank, unresponsive surface, containing a subtle suggestion of mediæval association, and then the building became still more irregular. Harmless, eccentricities of construction in the way of odd galleries, projections and recesses, quaint apartments built over deep archways were not unfrequent, and a characteristic individuality distinguished stores and dwellings. A tiny, red shop nestled contentedly between a tall, yellow frame building and a substantial stone edifice. High peaked roofs alternated with the more pretentious mansard; if one house rejoiced in high steps, its neighbour was reached by descending stairs.

Madame Larcasin's tiny domicile, bearing the inscription of "Chambre à Louer," offered itself to public inspection in all the conscious rectitude of red paint and spotless cleanliness. The lower flat was used as a shop, and it was Madame's policy to display her stock in trade. On a railing erected across the sloping roof, hung cotton wrappers, whose skirts fluttered and whose arms swayed in the breeze, until they bore a grotesque resemblance to human figures. The upper windows were decorated with men's shirts, and the lower ones overflowed with children's clothing; a lamp-post standing conveniently near was hung with stockings of varied sizes and hue. In vain the lodgers expostulated that the place was literally smothered. Madame smilingly agreed to everything that was said, but things remained unchanged.

To Mollie, life was an utter void. She sat all day long and most of the night, staring up at the glimpse of sky that she could catch through the shrouded window, with a blank, unseeing gaze. No one interfered with her. Madame Larcasin let lodgings to seamstresses and shop girls. The boisterous merriment of these girls frightened Mollie, while, with an indignation, not always very delicately expressed, they resented the fact that she held herself aloof from them. The only person who ever noticed the young girl was Hercule, Madame's only son, a helpless

paralytic, who incessantly peered at his neighbours with a keen, restless, unsympathetic curiosity.

"What has this little one, then? Is she deaf and dumb like the image of Our Lady of Sorrow. Oui-dà, but the hairs of the others are rubbed the wrong way."

"Thou hast reason, my son," Madame, her mind busily occupied with her own concerns, agreed blandly.

It was an article of the girl lodgers' belief that Hercule had eyes at the back of his head. They dreaded his sharp eyes and bitter tongue; partly in fear, partly in scornful mockery, they made artful attempts to propitiate him, but incapable of being flattered by smiles or daunted by frowns, Hercule remained strictly impartial in his venomous sarcasm. Sick and faint under the burden of her grief, Mollie remained aloof from the teeming current of life around her until she was aroused from the dull lethargy of suffering by finding that her small store of money was almost exhausted. Prompted by a childish instinct to cast herself upon some stronger will for guidance, she appealed to one of her fellow lodgers for counsel.

"Well, from the style you put on, I thought you were able to live like a lady. Well, I never!" then the timid brown eyes appealing to her somewhat blunted susceptibilities, she added hastily, "You can't starve, anyway. Lucky for you the busy time is commencing, and we want extra hands. You'll come down to the store in the morning and I'll speak for you."

Malvina Millar had sufficient influence with the head of the department in which she served to have Mollie taken on as a hand by the great dry goods firm of Mathers, Kinman & McCulloch. After that she was on her feet from early morning until late at night, she lived in the midst of a ceaseless bustle of activity, she was subject to countless petty exactions and tyrannies, she barely earned the price of her board. Frightened and bewildered, it must be admitted that she was sadly incapable, and had it not been for Malvina Millar's sharp, though good-natured supervision, she would not have kept her place a week.

One summer's evening Mollie was forlornly strolling up one of the shady west-end streets. The stately houses on either side of the street seemed to be closed, not a soul was stirring; the absolute quiet approached desolation. Suddenly, with a sharp cry, Mollie stopped as though turned to stone. A young man who had just emerged from an open gate was regarding her intently. With a sudden flash of perception the girl recalled his identity. Ralph Daubign was one of the young doctors in the hospital. It was he who, struck by Mollie's dainty prettiness, had jestingly called her "Pink Porcelaine." During Margaret's illness he had been kind and had even been somewhat piqued by the utter unconsciousness with which this sad-eyed child had received his advances. He looked at her now with a genial smile of recognition, but an agonized tide of remembrance swept away the last remnant of poor Mollie's self-control.

"I could not bear the pain for her; I could not go with her; I could not go instead of her, and it is all so far off that I do not even know where she has gone. There is nothing left to me on earth and it's intolerable. I don't know how to support it," and covering her face it seemed as though she would weep her very heart out.

"My child, my poor child," Ralph spoke gently and tenderly. He remembered the pretty face, but in truth he had forgotten the circumstances of the case; his practice brought him in contact with many heart-rending scenes, and if he were soft-hearted he easily cast off painful impressions. The sense of isolation melted from Mollie's overburdened breast. With her whole heart in her piteous eyes and quivering lips, she told her story with a simple eloquence which touched Dr. Daubign inexpressibly. He listened, enthralled by an expression of primitive feeling so strong that his own lighter nature failed to form any conception of its intensity. His sympathies were quick if not deep, and offered to the sore heart just the soothing touch it craved. So the two strolled slowly back to the city. Mollie satisfied that she had found a friend, Dr. Daubign agreeably conscious that he was entering upon a novel and somewhat exhilarating experience.

It surprised the English girl somewhat to find how constantly she encountered the young physician. The days were no longer dreary and objectless, and discomforts had lost power to annoy, the keen edge of wretchedness became softened, a new world, sweet and bright and rich, illumined by a wonderful glamour, opened before her. Kindness in such a case was only common humanity, Dr. Daubign argued. Life was hard to this little creature, living her innocent existence in toil and loneliness. It was really pleasant to watch the sensitive colour mount to the white temples and the look of shy startled happiness that leaped into her eyes at the sight of him. He certainly should help her to all the enjoyment he could that summer. Then, he reflected, that would be about the extent of his liberty, he might as well make the most of it.

"Behold, the little one has found a cavalier. The ribbons and fills have even now made their appearance. (but! but they are monotonous, these girls, even as sheep following one after another, and it is love affairs, but always love affairs—hem, ma mère!)"

Madame Larcasin smiled absently. She was arranging minute portions of pink tulle around the plump shoulders of two plaster shepherdesses, whose low bodices outraged Madame's sense of decorum.

"We have been jolly comrades this summer, Mollie. Have we not been happy together?" Ralph exclaimed one day, with a laughing sigh of regret. A lovely flash of colour crossed the girl's face. Dr. Daubign was glancing

down at her with a smile of amused admiration on his careless, handsome face. She raised her eyes with an expression of unutterable sweetness and rapture. That look smote the young man like a blow. For the first time a doubt assailed him. He had never been very enthusiastic about these calm, cold, intellectual women. Even when Helen's proud lips guarded resolute silence, her thoughtful gray eyes betrayed the judgment she passed upon his motives and actions, but this child's believing faith was soothing to a man's self-complacency. He was really getting dangerously fond of the little creature, for his own sake, if not for hers, he must not let this thing go too far.

"All the pleasant things come to an end, my Dresden-China shepherdess, our friendship with the rest; you should have lived in Arcadia, little Mollie, in an atmosphere of smiles and sunshine, rose and honeysuckle, strawberries and cream."

Mollie grew white to the lips. A horrible contraction of the heart for an instant robbed her of breath; but the next instant, Ralph spoke gaily and tenderly, her brain grew dizzy with the sweetness of relief and a joy, so poignant that it was almost as terrible as pain, thrilled her whole being.

"I could not give you up. I have nothing else in the world," she exclaimed, impulsively, and then paused in sudden, sweet confusion, and made a faint effort to regain her self-possession.

"Things are pretty unevenly divided in this world," Malvina Millar whispered, with an envious sigh. "That's Dr. Daubign's wife! Now, what is she better than you or I that the whole world should be at her feet? Look at McCulloch bowing down before her!"

A fair, slender woman, who carried herself with a pretty assured air of fashion and distinction, was standing at an opposite counter. Mollie's dreamy expression changed to keen alertness and a spot of flaming crimson burnt on her cheek. There could be no mistaking the handsome, debonaire face, with the careless smile. The girl looked around with a kind of agonized appeal.

"Are you quite, quite sure, that it is Dr. Daubign's wife?"

"Sure—of course I am. She was a great heiress and he had nothing at all. What do you know about it?" curiously.

At that moment Ralph Daubign and his wife passed. The lady stopped to speak to an acquaintance—the husband, his cane balanced on his hand, kept his eyes resolutely bent on the ground.

"Ralph!" Mrs. Daubign turned, as her eyes met those of her husband a lovely consciousness relieved the clear pallor of her face. Some womanly sentiment, inspired by instinct and not by reason, filled ignorant, innocent Mollie with the conviction that this calm, stately woman, adored her genial, lighthearted husband.

This was the overthrow of all her own hopes, the end of possibilities. At a blow the future had been blotted from before her aching eyes; nothing remained but the bitter, stinging present. The veins swelled in her head. All her pulses throbbed. Regardless of Malvina's angry expostulation, she broke into a harsh, mocking laugh.

"Good heavens! what's the matter? Don't you see all these people looking at you?"

It was a quiet August evening, Dr. Daubign and Mollie had strolled out into one of the suburbs. The exquisite greenness and stillness, the fluttering of the leaves, the deeper glow of the foliage, all bore traces of that evanescent loveliness which marks the end of summer.

"This must a sort of red-letter day, Mollie, the last we shall spend together. Let us be happy while it lasts."

Ralph spoke wistfully. He was impressionable. His surroundings were conducive to sentiment. He readily yielded to the influences of the hour. Mollie's eyes were like stars and her cheeks like crimson roses. There was a faint suspicion of mockery about the smiling lips and shining eyes that strangely disconcerted the young man. There was a rash excitement in that hot fever of pain and passion. Her whole being was quickened by the thrill of feeling which was at once sweetness, pain and anguish. Detection might be worse than death. Yet to dare discovery, to push danger to the very verge of detection, furnished a thrilling exhilaration, which afforded at least a relief from pain.

"You will have bright days." Then a new possibility forced itself upon his attention. This blush rose beauty would possess attractions for others as well as himself. "Other fellows will fall in love with you, Mollie," with an impatient groan. "Never think that I shall forget you."

Something of steadfast earnestness broke through her assumed lightness.

"You will never forget me as long as your life lasts."

The words were like a spell laid upon him. This new charm captivated his imagination. He had dreaded tears, reproaches, perhaps a scene; but this cool audacity was at variance with all his expectations. He had not realized how strong a hold this passing fancy had taken upon him.

"And your wife?" The girl spoke very quietly.

"Oh, Helen!" Daubign flushed hotly. "We are cousins. Helen was rich and I poor." He had no intention of discussing the wife whom he respected with this little shop girl; but there was something in her eyes that forced him to go on revealing the innermost thoughts of his heart. "Our marriage was a family arrangement. We live very comfortably together. Helen takes her way and I mine." He paused abruptly. Was ever fairer creature than this created? There is a strange moulding of the dimpled, childlike face. The soul of a woman—ardent,

seductive, passionate—flames in the sweet, brown eyes. Duty is but a pale phantom. The charms of passion are vivid, imperious, irresistible.

"Mollie! Mollie!"
To the girl it was a moment of triumph, of revelation. She knew that at that instant this man's heart was in her hand, that his life was hers to mar or to mould. What was this other woman who possessed all the world's brightness to her that she should claim generous self-abnegation at Mollie Maitland's hands? Could she live without the comfort and sweetness of his love? Oh! it was too hard. It was too much to ask.

"Your wife, who loves you, your wife—" breaking off suddenly as if suffocated.

"Helen!" In the midst of his heat and passion Daubign shivered as though smitten by a sudden chill. He drew a long, shuddering breath. Yes, he must remember Helen. He had a great reverence for his wife's pure and earnest character. The thought was a sort of anchor amidst the dark tempest of his thoughts.

"We have had some pleasant hours together, but it is all over. This is a last good-bye." Speaking lightly, as though all her girlish passion and misery had faded completely out of her mind and raising her eyes to his in a direct, unflinching gaze.

A pang of acute disappointment and resentment smote Dr. Daubign. She had never really cared for him. The daintiest, archest, sweetest of coquettes, but a coquette after all. He looked ruefully after the quaint, pretty figure, muttering disconsolately:

"Just a pinky porcelain trifle. These women are all alike."

Mollie walked on and on. She was fighting resolutely, persistently, desperately, against a wild, mad longing. She was tired of life, with an impatient, agonized weariness. She had reached the end of the whole, wide world—an utterly false, mocking and cruel world. Blinded and deafened by a sense of her own misery, she wandered she knew not where.

Suddenly a scene forced itself upon her consciousness. A tiny child—chubby, flaxen-haired, pink-cheeked—stood paralysed with helpless terror upon the railway track. A long, harsh, startled cry rent the evening air. With shriek of whistle and clamour of bell and a sound like the roll of muffled thunder, the long passenger train came dashing on like a rocket. There was no time for thought. The girl's heart beating in her throat suffocated her. Another instant earth and sky collapsed,—a revolving cloud of darkness swallowed up Mollie Maitland.

When she regained consciousness two men were bending anxiously over her. The child, clasped closely in the arms of one of them, was regarding her with a sort of serene surprise.

"It's a child," one of the men exclaimed breathlessly. Then, as the brown eyes enclosed in a lingering, steadfast gaze, "Good Lord! it's a woman and she's done for."

"And it might have been our little Em'ly, that's only four next November," the older man cried in a high, shrill voice, that quivered with excited feeling. "I saw it all and I couldn't move to save my life. This one came like a flash and pushed the little one out of the way and fell under the train herself."

The little one smiled blithely, stretching out her dimpled arms. An eager, girlish laugh broke from Mollie's white lips.

"Good Lord! don't do that? Don't you know you are done for? Tell us where to find your friends. I've seed a many of them. She's going as fast as she can go. Oh, Lord! she don't understand."

The brown eyes were radiant with a lovely consciousness.

"The end's the best of all," she whispered, as the heavy white lids drooped.

After all it was struggle and not rest, life and not death, that was to be Mollie Maitland's portion. After many weeks in the hospital, she rose to bear her cross as best she might. But her mood was no longer one of bitterness, of helpless pain, miserable self-scorn. The remembrance of Margaret's love and Margaret's faith entered the desolate heart like a white-robed angel of consolation. Through her own self-abnegation, Mollie recovered her faith in her kind. It was a resurrection from the gloomy shades of despair and selfishness. The restless heart was chastened, pain was consecrated by a higher purpose and transfigured into strength.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL,

Author of "The World's Great Altar Stairs," etc.
Montreal.

A WINTER EVENING.

The crimson cloud waves surge, and break, and beat
Upon the shores of slowly sinking day,
And rising aye, upthrow their sparkling spray,
Where vision line and sky line merge and meet.
Against the slowing sky, the trees deplete,
Lift mutely pleading arms, all gaunt and gray,
To have restored their robes of scarlet gay,
By Autumn's fays, the winds, that singing sweet
Lulled them to careless slumber, stol'n away.
Then lower sinks the day, and higher rise
The tides of cloud, and finding in their way
No shore to fret, spread calm across the skies;
And dimly outlined through the mist, peers white
The rising moon, the herald of the night.
Ottawa, 1889.

J. E. MACPHERSON.



CHERRYFIELD, Jan. 17th, 1890.

DEAR EDITOR.—Let me reach my hand towards you with a New Year's benediction, and the wish that there may be nothing perplexing in the new date. What pictorial and literary delights, amid its banquet of fat things, will not the *Dominion Illustrated* purvey for us in the decade of '90?

Does it give you no touch of sadness, my brother, when you see the seers who uttered the oracles of your youth—the singers "in divers tones," failing from us, and lying down to their last sleep with Chaucer and Spencer; and others singing their swan-songs? So healthy and vital was Browning I cannot think of him as dead, or mingle his memory with decay. God rest him, in that grand old English Abbey,—where he ought to sleep, with Elizabeth Barrett beside him,—for his assertion of that immortality he has gone to share! His sometimes rugged verse illustrates the noblest of truths: for of whose creed is not this an article?—

"On some solemn shore

Beyond the sphere of grief, dear friends shall meet once more;

Beyond the sphere of time, and sin, and fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime of body and of soul.
That creed I fain would keep, this hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep, if not to waken so."

Very beautiful are the words, recently addressed to me by Wilfrid Chateaucclair, which I may be forgiven for sharing with you—and as just, as beautiful: "How grand, even in his terrors, He (God) is! In death, with all its deeps, does He not show His triumph over one more awful seeming! Must we not take *all*—death and life and everything—to understand His greatness, power and goodness? Who, in our time, and with our knowledge of the oneness of the Universe and the *conservation of everything*, can believe, in his heart, his faith, his true reason, otherwise than that death is a step of rising beauty and changed existence? Why do we cling at all to the small surface of the ocean of life which is ours for seventy snowings or less, out of boundlessness! Christ's religion of spirituality is the only fitting interpretation." How gratifying it is to remember that the Brownings held to these dear ideals, exemplifying them in life, and illustrating them in poetry!

The newspapers are giving us plenty of chitter-chatter about the Poet, and the flood of reminiscence, anecdote and criticism, reminds one of the Laureate's lines,—

"For now the Poet cannot die," etc.

Many are the complaints about his obscurity and perversity of style—perhaps, in large part, from the men who do not read him, and who never felt his power; but, as a friend recently observed: "He is huge in bulk of sheer genius, and you can pick more poetry out of the cracks in his sides than you can get in whole continents of dreamy sensuous stuff,—poetry like the singing a faun may be supposed capable of, rather than the seer-like soul of man."

And now for a change of subject. After all this, here are—*verses*! Hold them off at a distance, dear Editor, that they may look like poetry, after the method suggested by Hawthorne in the introduction to the "Scarlet Letter." Many object to frog-music; but in their season they are the most insistent of musicians, and I am glad to find that both Mr. Roberts and Mr. Lampman take up for them. But the frog-poets, and those affected (afflicted) with the "goatish smell," have all the year round for their season, while Milton had the "autumnal and vernal equinoxes."

I was glad of the portraits of LeMoine, Roberts, Bourinot, Chauveau, and others. May the gallery of honourable and notable Canadian men—and women—be enlarged. The little poem of Madam Glendonwyn, so quiet in tone and of such beautiful simplicity, affected me peculiarly, with its touching history. Would she might have lived to

share her honoured father's laurels. I think I can guess the translator of "Ma Chambrette," but I won't tell. Who but he? PASTOR FEIX.

THE GIFT.

My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you.—JOHN, 14: 27.

The charm that singing souls desire—

The Muse's haunting flame—

The art, the mystery of the lyre—

The trumpet voice of fame,—

Sure these are things of nobler birth
Than else were found upon the earth.

Come, Music! into being start,

With echoes rolling wide!—

Come! for the deep-desiring heart

Is all unsatisfied;

Thou art a gift, wert thou but mine,

To make this mortal lot divine.

For these—for these, I often sigh—

I long have held them dear—

With heart of rapture beating high,

With mingling smile and tear:

For others, robe and crown and throne;

My wish is with the harp, alone.

Be mine, the full-flush'd triumph-hour—

The bard's exalted claim,—

The pride of intellectual power,

The glory of a name,

That shall be breathed, with reverence just,

When he who bore it lies in dust.

Be mine, to leave the earth behind

With wing of starry flight,

Disporting an irradiate mind

O'er all the fields of light;

Or sweetly stoop the glen to prove,

And with the daisy learn of love.

So have I said: but richer choice

Doth now with me remain,

Since Sadness lives in Music's voice,

And Beauty dwells with Pain;

And art and fame are found, I wis,

With souls that still must seek their bliss.

Ye lights, that were but mocking gleams

That oft deceived my sight;—

Ye beauteous phantoms, born of dreams,

That fade with morning light;—

Ye rustling wreaths, so early sere,

How empty do ye now appear!

But, Oh, what boon so rare as Thine—

Within so softly worn—

Who didst Thy temples meek entwine

With sharply woven thorn!

Who takes Thy gift, and Thee obeys,

Hath sweetest song, and surest praise.

What though, of Music's guild made free,

With golden harp and tongue,

No fadeless laurel blooms for me

The classic groves among;

Thine amaranthine flower may rest

With lily whiteness on my breast.

Bid me to faith's clear height aspire,

With love's divine increase;

And grant me more than Heaven's own fire

In Heaven's sweet gift of Peace;

For bard and seer can have no bliss,

No rapture, that compares with this.

Master of Love and Song, forespent,

Thy nobler joy I seek;

Teach Thou this heart of discontent

The virtue of the meek!

Thy liberal hand outstretch'd I see,

And lo! I take my gift from Thee!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Mr. Alma Tadema, says the *Athenaeum*, has just finished a new picture, designed to be a companion to his recent contribution to the New Gallery, entitled "In the Rose Garden," two charming damsels seated on a bench of rich yellow marble streaked with lighter and darker veins, and dashed lightly with black and gray. The back of the bench rises to a pediment surmounting a bas-relief of bronze which extends nearly the whole length of the seat, and in a compact, well-arranged composition of beautiful Greek figures, represents various stages in the life of man—infancy, childhood, boyhood, etc. Above the pediment we catch a glimpse of a blue-green summer sea, overarched by a serene deep-toned firmament of azure melting into grey. Behind the damsels rises a tall rose-bush full of blossoms. One of the girls is laughing, and appears to be teasing her companion, upon whom she showers roses from a branch hanging above them both. She wears a sea-green tunic, and over it a tissue of pale olive gray. Her friend's dress is of darker and warmer hues, and she wears citron-coloured sandals enriched with large sapphires set on the insteps. The effect is very broad and simple, and is notable for the representation of the shadows of softened sunlight, flecked with brilliant spaces and dashed with spots of darker shade.



YOUNG BLACKFOOT INDIAN, AT A CAMP NEAR CALGARY.

(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE OLD JESUIT MISSION HOUSE, SILLERY, NEAR QUEBEC.



"BEAUVOIR, FAIR DEMESNE."

(From photos, by Livernois.)



(CONTINUED FROM No. 78.)

Charlie greeted me in his old hearty way, but I soon noticed a change in him. He seemed harassed and ill-at-ease, and avoided any reference to his affairs. As time passed, I saw enough to convince me he was deeply in debt, and consequently was having a miserable time, as he was of too honourable a disposition to live in such a way and not feel it keenly. At last, one evening he came in and I saw from his face that he had come determined to tell me about his troubles.

Drawing a bundle of papers from his pocket he held them up to view.

"These," he said, "are a few of the many bills I owe. So much for housekeeping! And all the pleasure I anticipated from keeping house I have only partly experienced, owing to the troubles and worries I have had from almost the beginning. If I had had the slightest idea of the expenses pertaining to housekeeping I should never have ventured on the experiment. I don't wonder so many young married people have to give up housekeeping and go back to their parents; and what with taxes, rent and servants' wages, one would need a fortune to keep a house. And the bills! How they do accumulate. Why, I had no idea that such things as bread and milk would amount to so much. Just see this bill of the milkman's," selecting one from the bundle and reading a startling amount aloud.

"How long has it run?"

"Oh, about six months."

"Six months! Do you mean to say you have kept the man waiting for his money for six months?"

"Well, perhaps, it was a little long. I did give Helen money to pay him several times, but the sales were going on about that time and it was used up. However, don't you think that even for six months it is rather exorbitant?"

"Rather. You must have used a great quantity? Who attends to the accounts?"

"The maids I believe have attended to the house accounts. Helen commenced to keep them, but got hopelessly puzzled, and so made them over to the maids. To tell you the truth, grandma, I am afraid Helen and I are not adapted for housekeeping, for there must be a way of managing better than we have done. For instance, there is my friend Tom. See how he has got on with exactly the same salary as I have, yet he has managed to buy that charming house he lives in. Heighho! farewell to all my dreams of housekeeping. The only thing left me to do is sell off everything and get my debts paid, and not till I do that will I feel like a free man again. Don't you think that is the best thing I can do?"

"Certainly it is. But, Charlie, do you remember the conversation we had when you first mentioned your intention of going into housekeeping?"

"Ah! don't I, and how sure I was I could keep out of debt."

"Well, no, not exactly because you wanted to go into debt at the first by furnishing your house on credit. That you see was your first mistake, and another grave one was not telling Helen more about your money affairs. You have never really talked seriously about such things to her. Yes, I know what you will say about not wanting to bother her. But it would be a far greater kindness to do so than to go on the way you are. Helen is a little thoughtless; but if she once knew your real position she would make every effort to help you. You should have told Helen from the first moment you went into housekeeping exactly what your salary was, and then have given her an allowance with the understanding it was on no account to be exceeded. You ought to have made up your mind to do without things you could not afford to pay for, and to have been brave enough to have commenced your first trial at housekeeping according to the state of your finances and not inclinations. And you will find very often that those who return to the old homes have begun their housekeeping the way you have."

MORDUE.

WINDOW GARDENING.

WATERING.—Rain water, if it can be conveniently procured, is better than hard water. If hard water is used, it may be greatly improved by adding a drop or two of ammonia, or a little soda—a small nugget about the size of a pea to every gallon of water. Soot water is also highly recommended. It is claimed that when made sufficiently strong and used in a clear state there is no other fertilizer, either solid or liquid, that is so well suited for amateurs' use as soot water, as it is gentle in its action and sustaining in its nature. This is not the case with the majority of concentrated manures, for if they are used slightly in excess, serious consequences are often the result. When a regular supply of soot water is required there should be two barrels, says the writer who so strongly recommends it, or other receptacles, in which to make it. A cask holding about thirty gallons is suitable. In one of these place one peck of soot, and then fill up with water, and keep it stirred twice a day for a week. In ten days it should be ready for use, but it is necessary that it should be quite clear before using it or there will be a settlement of the solid matter on the soil. A better plan is to put the soot

into a coarse hessian bag and place it in the water. Tie a strong piece of string to the mouth of the bag, and have one end of it fixed on to the edge of the barrel; the bag can be moved about in the water, for the purpose of mixing it with the greatest ease. As soon as one lot is ready another should be in course of preparation, so that with a little forethought a regular supply may be obtained. Even such delicate-rooted plants as Erica and Epacris have been kept in splendid health in the same pots for seven or eight years by the aid of soot water, and such plants as callas, camellias, azaleas and roses, may have regular supplies the whole year round. Such subjects as fuchsias, pelargoniums, cyclamens, primulas and ferns are gently benefitted by it while they are in active growth. Morning is the best time to give water, and evening next. Never water house plants when the sun is shining brightly upon them. The supply of water must be regulated according to the demands of the plants. The condition of plant and soil is the best guide. Never give water when the soil is moist to the touch. Nearly all plants require more water when in bloom than at any other time, more in a warm temperature than in a cold, and more when in a state of active growth than when at rest. Plants in open rooms usually require water once a day and some demand it twice.

SYRINGING.—Cleanliness is essential. The leaves of plants should be kept free from dust, hence frequent washings are absolutely necessary, although when watering, never wet the flowers of a plant, nor allow drops of water to stand on the leaves in the sunshine. Never allow water to stand in the saucers of the pots unless the plants are semi aquatic. Watering supplies plant food or elements of fertility contained in itself and converts the plant food, or nourishment of the soil into a liquid form, so that it may be absorbed by the roots. The roots of a plant should be kept moist, not wet. Where the drainage is the most perfect, plants will generally be the healthiest and will need watering the oftener. Give house plants as much light as possible during the day, and darkness with a lower temperature at night. A uniform temperature of 60 or 70 degrees in the daytime, and 40 to 45 degrees at night, will give the best results. Turning the plants toward the light should not be done, unless done regularly. Besides light, house plants require a good supply of fresh air. Ventilation is absolutely necessary.

THE HON. JOHN NEILSON.

In our brief sketch of the Publishing and Bookselling Industry in Canada, reference was made to the *Quebec Gazette*. That newspaper, founded in 1764, was long associated with the Neilson family. The Hon. John Neilson, who died on the 1st of February, 1848, was a nephew of one of its founders, and had the direction of it for a good part of half a century. In looking over that pleasant little volume, "Waifs in Verse," which, apart from its poetical charm, is interesting from its abundant reminiscences of the past, we came on a tribute to Mr. Neilson's virtues, composed at the close of the year in which he died, and published in his own paper on New Year's Day, 1849. Here it is:

THE EPITAPH.

An honest man lies here—not falsely bland,
But kind in every deed and true in heart,
With unbought zeal who served our native land,
And not for office played the patriot's part.

Wielding with easy power his trusty pen,
Keen without gall, without unkindness free;
His aim to raise and serve his fellowmen,
He tempered censure aye with courtesy.

Our country weeps in him our sagest friend,
The press, its ancient ornament and pride;
In us all mournful thoughts and feelings blend,
Guide, friend and master lost when Neilson died.

In a note Mr. Wicksteed, after referring to Mr. Neilson's services to journalism, adds the following comments on his public career and estimable character: "He enjoyed the perfect confidence of the French-Canadians, and represented the County of Quebec in the Legislative Assembly until he opposed the 92 Resolutions and the violent measures then resorted to, and lost his election; but he was again restored to favour elected to the Parliament of United Canada in 1841, a sobered man as to some of his former opinions, but a true patriot and a firm supporter of free institutions. He was ever my good friend. I have put into the mouths of others what I myself felt on losing him, but I know that they felt as I did."

The "Epitaph" that we have reproduced occurs in "A Carrier's Carol," written for the *Quebec Gazette* at the beginning of 1849.

That journal, which lived long enough to celebrate its hundredth anniversary, was founded by Messrs. Brown and Gilmore. A fac-simile of the first number is in our possession. It is printed in French and English. The first page and half of the second are devoted to the address of "The Printers to the Publick." They undertake to make it a "newspaper properly conducted, and written with accuracy, freedom and impartiality." From the American colonies and the West Indies extensive correspondence is promised. The rigour of winter is urged as an excuse for delay in the arrival of European news during that season. What old-world intelligence is given at mid-summer (June 21, 1764) is dated from March 8 to April 4, which would hardly be considered very recent now-a-days. Philadelphia news is as late as May 7. There is half a page of advertisements—three in English and two in French. One of them is a warning from the Collector of Customs against any attempt at defrauding the revenue. Another is

a notice of a newly formed Masonic Lodge. John Baird, whose place of business is "in the Upper Part of Mr. Henry Morin's House at the Entry to the Cul de Sac," monopolizes the advertising enterprise of the mercantile class. The following is the imprint of the paper:—"Quebec: Printed by Brown and Gilmore, at the Printing Office, in St. Lewis's street, in the Upper Town, two doors above the Secretary's Office; where subscriptions for this paper are taken in. Advertisements of a Moderate Length (in one language) inserted for Five Shillings the First Week and One Shilling each Week after; if in both Languages, Eight Shillings the First Week and Two Shillings each Week after; and all Kinds of Printing done in the neatest manner, with care and expedition." Such were the modest beginnings of the newspaper press in the Province of Quebec.

Mr. W. Brown, one of the partners of the firm, was the brother of Isabel Brown, wife of William Neilson, the father of the Hon. John Neilson. The sixth child of his parents, he was born at Dornald, parish of Ballnaghy, Kircudbright (Church of St. Cuthbert), on the 17th of July, 1776. When fourteen years of age he came to Canada, where his elder brother, Mr. Samuel Neilson, was already settled, having lately succeeded his uncle as proprietor and editor of the *Quebec Gazette*.

When Mr. S. Neilson died in 1793, his younger brother was only nineteen years old. The editorial charge of the paper was, therefore, entrusted to his guardian, the Rev. Dr. Sparks, who conducted it until 1796, when the young editor entered on his functions. He was a journalist of good judgment, and exercised considerable personal influence even in his early years. In 1818, when he had passed his fortieth year, his fellow-citizens fixed upon him as one who would fitly represent them in the House of Assembly. The province had already become involved in that struggle for ascendancy on the one hand, for greater liberty on the other, which culminated in the Rebellion. Mr. Neilson found it difficult to do justice to his position as a public man and at the same time maintain that obsequious attitude towards the government which the supervision of a paper, looked upon as an organ of the administration, was deemed then to imply. In order to liberate himself from those inconvenient trammels, he placed the whole management of the *Gazette* in the hands of his son Samuel, who was soon after made King's Printer. For a short time also the paper was avowedly published "by authority," but the experience was not satisfactory, and it recovered its independence. In 1823 Mr. Neilson was the Quebec, as the late Hon. L. J. Papineau was the Montreal, delegate to England to remonstrate against the project of uniting the Upper and Lower Provinces. Again in 1828 he accompanied Messrs. Viger and Cuvillier to London on a mission of remonstrance against misgovernment, and gave testimony as to the conflict between the two Houses. In 1830 he was cordially thanked by the House of Assembly for his services on that occasion. In 1831 at a public dinner in his honour, he was presented with a costly silver vase, with suitable inscription.

But popular favour is a fragile thing to lean upon. As soon as Mr. Neilson ventured to express disapproval of some of the tactics of his party, his old friends turned against him, and in 1834 he found himself debarred from the Assembly by the electorate whose interests he had for so many years defended against powerful opponents. In 1835 he proceeded to England for the third time in the service of his country, but the appointment of the Gosford Commission anticipated the carrying out of the mission which, in company with Mr. Walker, advocate, of Montreal, he had then undertaken. In 1835, in his sixtieth year, he had the grief to see his son, whose health had been undermined by too close application to business, carried prematurely to the grave. But private sorrows were for a time driven from his mind by the political storm that was approaching. In the disastrous risings of 1837 and 1838 Mr. Neilson, though unvarying in his attachment to the French-Canadians, whom, all his life, he had constantly befriended, swerved not from the loyalty which he had never ceased to inculcate, while striving for needed reforms.

The union of the provinces did not, however, meet with his approbation. He was one of three members of the special council (to which in 1839 he had been appointed) who voted against the measure—the other two being Messrs. Quesnel and DeRochblave. He also took a prominent part in a meeting of the citizens of Quebec, which petitioned the Home Government not to pass it. On the union becoming an accomplished fact, he once more presented himself as a candidate for the representation of Quebec County, which showed its restored confidence in its old member by electing him by acclamation. In November, 1843, he was offered and declined the Speakership of the Council, but in the following year, after frequent refusals, he consented to serve as a member of that body. In the summer of 1846, Mr. Neilson, though he had completed the three score and ten, assigned by the ancient law-giver as the years of man's life, was still an active figure and force in the public affairs of his country, and but for the illness consequent on an untimely exposure to the bleak fall weather, he seemed to have many useful years still before him. In October, 1847, he participated in the reception of Lord Elgin on his visit to Quebec, and, having to wait for a considerable time in a chilling rain, he caught a cold, from which he never recovered. His physicians warned him against over-exertion, but he placed the discharge of duty above personal considerations, and died in harness on the 1st of February, 1848.

In private life, the Hon. John Neilson was genial, cheerful and courteous. Of temperate habits, he was a lover of nature, rejoicing in the noble scenery that surrounds Quebec. As a writer, he was concise and pointed, eschewing verbosity and being sparing of ornament. He never made evil use of the weapon that he wielded, always aiming at high objects, the promotion of his country's prosperity and of goodwill and kindly relations among persons of all classes, races and creeds. Seldom has a higher tribute been paid from the pulpit to a journalist and legislator than the sermon in which the Rev. Dr. Cook summed up his qualities and services, and spoke of the estimation in which he was held. That English journalism in this province should number such a man as Mr. Neilson among its early leaders is something to be proud of.

ALMANAC LITERATURE.

At the beginning of the year the almanac is much and everywhere in request. At the close of it, the old familiar friend, whose advice has been so often sought, in shine and storm, is generally cast aside and a new, clean, dainty successor is taken into favour. It is only after the lapse of some generations that the discarded almanac acquires a sufficient seasoning from the lapse of time to be, not only venerable, but valuable. Our Canadian almanacs of the 18th century and the early years of the 19th are sold at a price which no new almanac, however fair to see, or full of various lore, can compete with. Some collectors make old almanacs a specialty. Nor is it as curious only that these records of the past are to be prized. Some of them contain precious information to be found in no other source. Almanacs differ greatly in their character. Some are simply mediums for advertising, and of these some are comprehensive—embracing nearly all kinds of merchandise that are bought for money, while others confine themselves to some special article—most often a patent medicine or a series of such cure-alls. Others cling to the original purpose of the almanac—the character of the changing seasons, the feasts of the Church, secular holidays, etc. But for the most part the almanac is a *vade mecum* of statistics of universal interest. In an article on the subject some time ago, *Temple Bar* touched pleasantly on a feature that is common to a class of them—the immense number of anonymous centenarians that they commemorate. "Four, six, ten, twenty-five of them occur on the same page, and the general table of this mute, inglorious class of village parrots give Scandinavia, for instance, 168 of 100, 7 of 105, 1 of 110, (it sounds like an examination sum,) 1 of 139, 'several'—which is ample if vague—of 140, 1 of 156, and 1 of 260. Perhaps that large section of the human race which, in Dundreary phrase, 'likes to wonder,' does make to itself pastime out of such figures without a name, and, if they do, why should they be stopped at centenarians, or stickle about a century or two more? For these there can even be found a few 'name sorts,' as the nurserymen say. In his description of the Portuguese invasion of Diu in 1537, Faria relates, and of course 'without any expression of doubt,' that a Bengalee Moor, who was in receipt of a pension for age from the King of Cambay, was 'by authentic information' 300 years old. None but himself had been his 'hair renewer,' and not alone his hair but his teeth had grown and fallen and grown again five or six times. No one would have given him more than sixty winters—which was probably about the impostor's real age—but his tale to the Portuguese was that one day toward the end of his first century, as he was fishing from the river bank, another oldster, with a belt round his waist, whose hands and feet were pierced by wounds, begged to be carried across the river on his shoulders. In return, the stranger promised him that he should retain his health and strength until they met again. When the Portuguese were well established at Diu, curiosity led this old fort, where there was a statue of St. Francis. 'There he is,' cried this sixteenth century 'Rummum,' 'that's the man I carried over the river 200 years ago!' By rights he should, of course, have died then and there, according to his own o'er true tale; but he did nothing of the sort, and Da Cunha, the Portuguese Governor, having 'in consideration of the miracle' continued to him his native pension, the old humbug is said to have drawn it for some eighty years longer—perhaps by the aid of one or more posthumous deputies; for Faria asks us to believe he did not die until 1618, which would make him 381 years old instead of the round 300; but why bother about a figure or two?—it was so far off and so long ago."

Lady Mount-Temple's gift to the National Gallery (No. 188 in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's list of his brother's works), Rossetti's picture "Beata Beatrix," begun in 1863 and finished in 1865, has been hung in its place at Trafalgar Square. It has been presented by Lady Mount-Temple in memory of her late husband and to commemorate his admiration for the artist. The picture was No. 293 at the Academy in 1883, and represents the Beatrice of Dante in a semi-supernatural trance, ominous and symbolic of death but not, as it has been erroneously said, in any sense dead. It was painted some time after the death of Mrs. Dante Rossetti, but the features and even the expression, so nearly resemble those of this lady that it has not unreasonably been described as a portrait of her. There are two replicas of the picture; neither of them is equal to the Mount-Temple version. It has been engraved.



Mr. Remi Tremblay takes the place of Mr. Vidal as editor of *La Patrie*.

Mr. Vernon Smith, C.E., who died recently in Ottawa, was a pupil of Robert Stephenson.

The Pinxit Club of Point St. Charles held their first annual ball and supper on the 18th inst.

Miss Maud Ogilvy contributed an animated description of the opening of Parliament to the *Montreal Star*.

About eighty couples enjoyed the usual festivities on the last ladies' night of the Montreal Garrison Artillery.

Max O'Rell (M. Paul Blouet) will shortly pay another visit to Montreal under the auspices of the Press Club.

Sir Donald Smith, M.P., who recently returned from Europe, has left Montreal for Ottawa to attend to his parliamentary duties.

The absence of Lady Stanley from the opening of Parliament and from the "drawing-room" held in the Senate Chamber last Saturday was universally regretted.

Prince Arthur is to be invited to Toronto to spend next Queen's Birthday as the guest of the city. It is hoped that H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught will accompany him.

The new members introduced to the Speaker of the House of Commons this session of Parliament were the Hon. C. C. Colby, Stanstead, Mr. Rufus H. Pope, Compton, and Mr. Thomas Earle, Victoria, B.C.

The Hon. Col. Rhodes, in replying to the Hon. Mr. Flynn, as to the number of persons eligible to a grant on the ground of having twelve children, said that there was one member of the Assembly who had a right to claim it.

The Rev. J. Edgar Hill, B.D., gave a lecture last Friday at the Church of the Messiah on Tennyson's "King Arthur," which was well worth listening to. Mr. Hill's characterization of the Laureate's ideal of true manhood was very fine.

"The Victoria Rifles' Dances" may be considered one of the most successful social institutions of Montreal. The committee is composed of an officer and sergeant from each company, and the entertainment provided at the Armory leaves nothing to be desired.

By the death of Senator Trudel, founder, proprietor and editor of *L'Etendard*, Canada has lost one of its ablest writers. Mr. Trudel exerted a large influence on an important section of the Ministerialist party in this province, and his place will not be easily filled.

Mgr. Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet, and Mr. Emile Lecaille, a young Montreal artist, who has been for some years studying in Paris, were passengers on board the steamship *La Bourgogne*, which ran down the steamship *Torridon*, and which had such a rough voyage across the Atlantic.

Military men are justly proud of the elevation of Major Boulton to a seat in the Senate. The Hon. Mr. Boulton wore his uniform as he moved the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, the Hon. Mr. Loughheed being the seconder. Both gentlemen spoke ably and to the point.

Miss B. L. Macdonell read an interesting paper on "The Literary Movement in Canada up to 1841," on Saturday evening, the 18th inst., before the united societies of Historical Studies and of Canadian Literature. The paper showed much research and was frequently applauded. Mr. W. D. Lighthall presided.

Mrs. Harry Bate is said to have worn one of the most picturesque gowns on the floor of the House on the opening of Parliament. It was composed of a skirt of white silk, slashed with narrow bands of moss green ribbon, and had a long train of moss green silk. The square bodice and sleeves were bordered with broad bands of moss green velvet.

The following are the officers of the Society of Canadian Literature for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. George Murray; first vice-president, Mr. George Martin; second vice-president, Mr. W. D. Lighthall; secretary, Mr. Geo. S. Wilson; treasurer, Mr. Horace T. Martin; council, Mrs. N. T. Leach, Miss C. Macdonell, Miss B. L. Macdonell, Mr. John Reade, Mr. E. D. Brownlow.

Among Montrealers and Quebecers present at the "drawing room" of Saturday last were Lady Dawson, Miss Chaffee, Miss Masson, Miss Eveline Smith, Miss Edith Jack, Miss Rose, Mrs. Robert S. White, Miss Curran, Miss Masson, Miss Blanche Wurtele, Major J. H. Burland, Mr. J. A. Heckman, Montreal; Mlle. Tessier, Miss Kane, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Dobell, Quebec; and Mr. John Black, St. Johns.

A lady correspondent of the *Star* (Miss Maud Ogilvy) picked up from "the floor of the House" the following little versification, the happy significance of which will be generally acknowledged:

"I am growing too old," said Sir John, "I fear,
I've entered my third score and sixteenth year;
But the tone of his voice, and the toss of his head,
Gave the lie direct to the words he said,
And I thought from his looks at the present date,
That whether in council or hot debate,
At seventy six he would carry more weight
Than two men each of thirty-eight."

The will of the late Mr. Thomas Ritchie bequeaths \$6,000 each to his brothers—Chief-Justice Sir William J. Ritchie, ex-Judge John W. Ritchie, Judge Norman J. Ritchie and Rev. J. J. Ritchie; \$20,000 to his cousin, Mary Ann Almon; \$8,000 each to Eliza McColl and Amelia McColl; \$1,500 each to his nephew and nieces, George W. Thomas and Elizabeth Ritchie and Labat Gray, and the residue to his nephew, Thos. Ritchie. The estate is valued at between \$300,000 and \$400,000. The fortunate nephew, Thos. Ritchie, is a director of the Merchants Bank of Halifax, and a member of the law firm of Henry, Ritchie & Weston.

The ceremonies at the opening of Parliament last week are said to have been unusually imposing. Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B., who looked remarkably well, was accompanied by Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Hon. John Haggart and Hon. Frank Smith. The military men present were Lieutenant-Colonel Prior, M.P., A.D.C.; Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, A.D.C.; Colonel McPherson, A.D.C.; Major Prevost, A.D.C.; Major-General Sir Frederick Middleton; Lieutenant-Colonel Powell, Adjutant-General; Lieut.-Col. Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia; Lieut.-Col. Bacon, Lieut.-Col. White, Lieut.-Col. Irwin, Lieut.-Col. McPherson, Lieut.-Col. MacDonald, Major Stewart, Majors Todd, Toller, Hodgins and Heron, of the Guards; Lieut.-Col. Anderson, Majors Wright and Sherwood and Captain Rogers, of the 43rd Rifles.

Among persons of distinction who were present at the opening of Parliament were Cardinal Taschereau, in his gorgeous robes; Vicar-General Routhier, Rev. Father Dawson, of Ottawa College; Lady Macdonald, Lady Thompson, Miss Caron, Lady and Miss Ritchie, Mrs. C. H. Tupper, Mrs. E. Dewdney, Mrs. G. E. Foster, Mrs. Costigan, Mdme. J. A. Chapleau, Miss Carling, Mrs. Justice Burbidge, Mrs. A. M. Burgess, Mrs. Dr. Brien, Mrs. J. M. Courtney, Mrs. R. R. and Miss Dobell, of Quebec; Mrs. A. H. Gilmour, Mrs. D. W. Gordon, Mrs. J. Innes, Miss E. and Miss Miall, Mrs. F. Madill, the Misses Paterson, Mrs. A. W. Ross, Mrs. Heneker, the Misses White, Sir John Lister Kaye and Rev. Principal Adams. The justices of the Supreme Court were also present in their robes of scarlet and ermine.

THE HARAS OR HORSE BAZAAR.

The word "*Haras*," in the sense of horse bazaar, which has lately come into use among the horse-breeders of this province, was not unknown in mediæval England, as well as in France. The Latin form of it—"*Haracia*"—is used for "a stud of horses" in ancient documents cited in Stubbs's "*Select Charters*." Whether it has any connection with our English word, "horse," we cannot say, but the resemblance is suggestive. Earl, in "*The Philology of the English Tongue*," classes "horse" among those simple words "in which we cannot see more than one element unless we mount higher than the bief of the present treatise"—that is, to a period remoter than that in which the English language had taken shape. Some philologists make it cognate with the Latin "*currere*" (to run), so that swiftness would be the original meaning. In that case a horse would be what he is sometimes called, a "courser." When fleetness is desired it is to animals of Eastern origin, but western breeding that resort is had. The *haras* or horse bazaar is still a great institution in the ancient cities of the hither Orient. The following description of such a market appeared not long since in *Murray's Magazine*:—We come to an open space crowded with people and horses, which our host informs us is the public horse market of Damascus. Here we see various men riding up and down on horses which have been committed to their charge to sell, shouting the last bid which has been offered to them. They seem to fetch very low prices. Several good horses we see sold for less than £10 each. One specially fine-looking animal is "knocked down" for £15. But the business is not finished. A long dispute immediately ensues between the intending purchaser and the owner, the former attempting to obtain the horse for a few piastres less than the stipulated amount. There is an innate love of bargaining in a true Oriental. He never can do without it. In this case the owner seems to feel pretty sure of obtaining a good price for his horse, even if the present man should back out. So he remains silent, with an occasional inconsequent remark, such as: "It matters not!" "Wallah, who am I to argue with thee?" "Wallah, my horse is as dust! Take it, without money!" All of which expressions are equivalent to cold negatives, and naturally exasperate the other man, who is wasting oceans of rhetoric in the attempt to induce him to come round to his own way of thinking. Finally the latter exclaims with a heart-warming show of generosity and philanthropy: "Wallah, are we not brothers? Wherefore all this noise? Is it for money? May Allah forbid! You want one thousand six hundred piastres? Here is the money. Take it," and here he presses the bag of treasure into the other one's hands and makes as if he were going to turn away. "Never mind about your horse; I care not for it. Shall we part enemies because of money?" But here the other, who now has his money secure, runs after him, falls on his neck, and, kissing him on both cheeks, assures him that his horse to him is worthless; that since his brother wishes for it he must have it—as a present. And then they repair, in company with the "*dallal*," or the man who has done the auctioneering part of selling the horse, to the Government office close by, when the affair is registered and legally settled. Oriental business ways appear passing strange to our minds.

HUMOUROUS.

ALGY (at the door): I—aw, bless my soul, Miss Gushly! I believe I've forgotten something. Lemme see— Miss Gushly: Coat—hat—cane? Why, you have them all, Mr. Baboony. Algy: Aw, yaas; but—but—Miss Gushly—dear Edith—I fawgot to awsk—will you—will you be my wife.

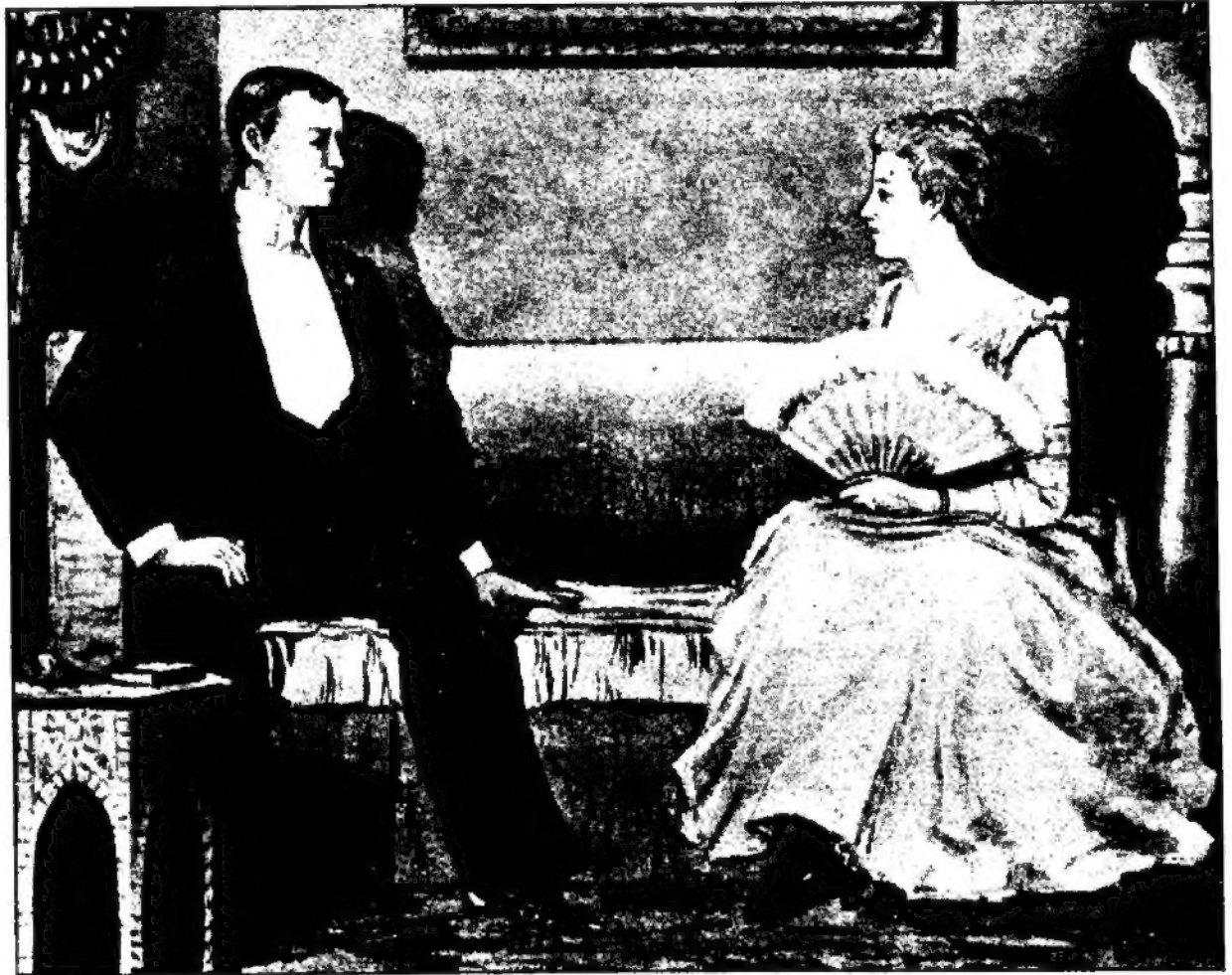
ENFANT TERRIBLE: Pa, where does the wind blow to? Pa (who is absorbed in his newspaper): North, south, east'n west. Enfant Terrible (after a moment's profound thought): But what does it do when it gets there? Pa (disgusted): Mary, take this youngster up to the nursery and keep him there. Exit enfant terrible in tears.

A WISE BIRD.—Customer: I've been cheated. I thought you said this parrot would talk. Bird Fancier: No, sir. What I said was that he had been brought up in the company of learned men, and was full of philosophy and scholarship. Of course, he don't talk. Mere idle words have no attraction for him. But he's a remarkable parrot, because he's a great thinker.

In a Perthshire parish a young woman went to join the church. She had never been to school, and could not say the Shorter Catechism. The first question the minister asked her was, "Can you tell me who brought you out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage?" Her reply was, "Weel, sir, that's just the way lees spread; for I was never over the Brig of Cally in my life."

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE?—A leading society woman in Washington recently gave a large dinner party in honour of the polished and courtly members of the Chinese legation. As soon as they were seated at table she horrified her other guests by turning to one of the Chinamen and saying, indulgently:—"John likee Melicca?" Misinterpreting his look of disgust, she continued, "Ah, John no speakee English."

ROTHESAY, one of the most popular of Scottish watering-places, was so full during the season that there was no room for human beings, much less inferior animals. A well-known member of London society telegraphed from Edinburgh to Rothsay one day, asking if he could be taken in, prepaying the reply. After some time the answer came, "No accommodation for dogs." The face of the tourist was a study; his remarks anything but parliamentary. Finally his original telegram was produced. It ran: "Secure rooms for wife and self. Five days." It was the last word which had done the mischief. "Days" can so easily be turned into "dogs" in the telegraph office!



THE BASHFUL SUITOR.

"Miss Flora, if I only had the courage to tell you—but I may say—I am sure, that never before, did any young man, have such a longing, as I have had, since I know you, for a—for a—for a mother-in-law."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Commencing December 29th, 1889.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTREAL

From Windsor Street Station:

FOR SHERBROOKE—4.00 p.m. and 7.35 p.m.
FOR ST. JOHNS, Farnham, etc., 9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., 7.15 p.m., 7.35 p.m.
FOR BOSTON, Portland, Manchester, etc., 9.00 a.m. and 7.15 p.m.
FOR ST. JOHN, N.B. and Halifax, N.S. 7.35 p.m.
FOR NEWPORT—9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., and 7.15 p.m.
FOR TORONTO, Smith's Falls, Peterboro, Brockville, Kingston, 9.20 a.m. For Smith's Falls, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, etc., 7.45 p.m.
FOR OTTAWA and Buckingham, 7.10 a.m. and 4.25 p.m.
FOR SAULT STE. MARIE, St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc., 7.10 a.m.
FOR VAUDREUIL, WINCHESTER, ETC.—9.20 a.m. and 7.45 p.m.

From Dalhousie Square Station:

FOR QUEBEC—8.10 a.m., (7.30 p.m. Sundays only) and 10.00 p.m. For points on Intercolonial Ry. to Campbellton N.B., 10.00 p.m.
FOR THREE RIVERS—8.10 a.m., (7.30 p.m. Sundays only) 5.00 p.m. and 10.00 p.m.
FOR JULIETTE, St. Felix de Valois, St. Gabriel, etc., 5.00 p.m.
FOR OTTAWA—8.50 a.m., 4.40 p.m., 8.40 p.m.
FOR WINNIPEG and Vancouver—8.40 p.m.
FOR ST. JEROME, St. Lin and St. Eustache, 5.30 p.m.
FOR ST. ROSE and Ste. Therese, and intermediate stations—3.00 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.30 p.m. Saturdays only, 1.30 p.m., instead of 3.00 p.m.

From Bonaventure Station:

FOR CHAMBLY and Marieville, etc., 3.40 p.m., from St. Lambert, connecting with Grand Trunk 3.15 p.m. train from Bonaventure Station.
FOR CHAMBLY and Marieville, etc., 5.00 p.m.

† Except Saturdays.
† Run daily, Sundays included. Other trains week days only, unless otherwise shown.
* Parlor and Sleeping Cars on trains so marked.
‡ No connection for Portland with this train leaving Montreal, Saturdays.
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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.